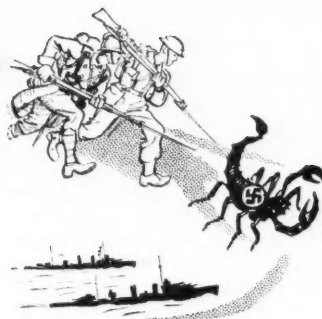




# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CXCVII No. 5139

October 4 1939

## Charivaria

THE trouble with HITLER's *Blitzkrieg* in Poland is that STALIN stole quite a lot of his *Donner*.

Lord ROTHERMERE reveals in his new book that when he visited Hungary last year people knelt in the mud to kiss his hand as he passed. This has never happened to Lord BEAVERBROOK, even in Fleet Street.



It must be admitted that newspapers are doing their best to omit all gloom from their pages. Racing results and weather forecasts are now given.

"There is one marked difference between Germany of 1914 and Germany of to-day," says an American commentator. And that is the size of the moustache.

### Slight Mistranslation

"Up to the present the adversaries have spied upon each other from their respective positions in this sector and while the Germans hoisted to the top of their pillboxes placards bearing the words 'Ein Reich, ein volk, ein Führer' ('One Reich, one people, one leader') . . ."—*Newcastle Paper*.



### "NAZI LEADERS SPLIT"

Headline in the "Daily Express."

Perhaps guns aren't so good as butter after all.

War comrades are uniting on the Western Front. In Poland too there have been touching scenes when German and Russian soldiers met for the first time since they fought each other in Spain.

"A man is not dead until he has died," says a publicity expert. And even then not until it has been passed by the Ministry of Information.

"The Fuehrer can travel incognito as did the Kaiser in the last war," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Herr HITLER may also ponder that there came a time when the KAISER travelled impromptu as well.



It is said that darts, table tennis and skittles are the only amusements Herr HITLER allows his personal followers to have. But of course they can always listen to Herr HITLER.



## Round and Round and Round

**B**UNDERBY said that so far this war had been a war to end Warsaw and make the world safe for bureaucracy, and I said that that was a ridiculously pessimistic point of view to take up when one considered what we were doing to the U-boats and the bad break Boy Hitler was getting from young Joe Stalin and that after all we only had to pay seven-and-sixpence in the pound income-tax whereas I had expected seventeen or even twenty-seven-and-sixpence, and there might easily have been more than nine hundred and ninety-nine people in the Ministry of Information, because it was so important that nothing should leak out, and obviously the more people that the Government paid to say nothing to anybody, the fewer there would be to tell everything to everybody, and besides, had he considered the aeroplane leaflets, and he said that he had but he thought that they were on the wrong lines, and I said, "Anyway they're on the German lines."

But Bunderby said that the right kind of leaflets would be pictures of Goering and other prominent Nazi figures, if one might put it that way, with enormous plates of food in front of them and a line underneath saying: "This is what your leaders are eating for *mittag*—what about you?" and I said I should rather like the plates of food to be drawn or painted in that very realistic manner that one sees on our hoardings, so that the mouths of the Germans would water when they looked at them, and Bunderby said wouldn't it be even better to drop some real beef-steak puddings and that sort of thing with labels tied on to them saying: "This is what we eat in England—hey, chaps, how about you?" but I said it would be rather silly to capture the German food-ships on the high seas and then drop them parcels of food from aeroplanes, though of course it might be rather a chivalrous and Christian way of conducting a war, which after all was only a war to end Hitlerism, and Bunderby interrupted me and said: "Supposing we do put an end to Hitlerism, would Hessism and Goeringism be ended too?" "And even then," I said, "there would be Himmlerismus and Ribbentroppery."

So we agreed that our war aims would have to be rather larger than that, especially as all German children had been brought up to be nice little Nazis, reciting gestapoetry for years and years, and Bunderby said that he thought it would be better to break up the German Empire, which was a new and rather ramshackle concern, into its component countries and principalities, and raze Berlin to the ground and sow it with salt, and take away a very large number of German captives and put them on State farms and in factories, here and in France, and make them work for us without pay until we had got our income-tax down to about six-and-sixpence again, because Germans, unlike the British, were very obedient, and would probably make very good slaves, and I said that though a certain amount of mild animosity was sure to creep-up between two nations at war his idea struck me as rather harsh, and did he realise that the whole of Eastern Europe even up to the Elbe might now become Bolshevised, and the Germans might soon be asking us to help them in saving Western Europe from Stalinismus, or Trotskyitis if Stalin was liquidated and Trotsky came back again? And Bunderby said, "What about Italy?" and I said I didn't know. "And Turkey?" and I didn't know either.

And then Bunderby started out on quite a new line and said that if neither side could break through on the Western Front we should perhaps resign ourselves to considering war an entirely normal state of affairs, like the hill-tribes

in various parts of the world, or savages in the interior of Africa, except that our war would be much more complicated and expensive, but science and civilisation were so far advanced that they ought to be able to stand up to the strain and be able to produce eternal munitions, and perpetual barrages of high explosives, and innumerable silver balloons, and war planes and convoys, and ladies in battle-bowlers and oilskin suits, and the only real difference would be that we should give up most of the things that we now considered to be luxuries and that the expectation of life would certainly be shorter, as it was, for instance, in Bulgaria, except that a few people who happened to dodge the bullets and feed on sour milk lived to be about a hundred and fifty and became exceedingly wise, but I told him that the free peoples of the Western democracies would never consent to do this.

"For one thing," I said, clenching both fists, "our own country will never submit except as a war-time emergency to give up football pools," and I told him of a conversation I had just had with a man whose job in peace-time was to clear dead leaves from roof-gutters, though he was now employed in camouflaging sandbags round a cigarette factory, and this man had said to me with infinite sorrow in his voice that even if football pools had not been stopped there would have been no proper League fixtures in Great Britain this winter, and "How do they expect us," he had said, almost weeping, "to judge the form of these Irish teams?"

So Bunderby admitted that perhaps it would be better to end the thing as quickly as possible, and why not, he said, do it by a campaign of propaganda—not just the ordinary propaganda that we use, but downright thumping lies, bigger lies than anyone had ever told before. Why not say, he suggested, that we had ample evidence of the Nazi intention to kill off all their older people in order to allot more food to the young women and the fighting men. It's probably, said Bunderby, what wolves and buffaloes and elephants do. "Or I might say," he went on pensively, "that they were going to eat them. I think the Fiji Islanders used to get rid of their old people like that."

But I told him that I had it on the very best authority that propaganda was entirely useless unless it was true, and he must think of some far better way of winning the war, such as making America and Iceland come in, or even going right away at once and not wasting my time any longer, because I had a great deal of work to do; and so he went, and five minutes later the bell rang, and he came in again and said he had an amazingly good idea, which was to light up the whole of London every night, because by this time the Germans would be perfectly certain that it couldn't be London if it was lit up, and would drop their bombs somewhere else, and then he went away again.

He left his gas-mask behind and I dropped it out of the window on to his head.

EVOC.

### The Power of Will

"She would get new dresses, new swim-suits, new everything. She would have a glorious bust."—*Story in Women's Magazine.*

"SISTER AND NURSES TO WALK OUT"  
*Sunday Paper Headline.*

"There's Something About a Soldier."



### SUBTLE SIMON

"For this trick I shall need the assistance of every single member of the audience."



"C'est la guerre, Mum."

## From the Home Front

On Guard

ONE hour and six minutes to go. Standing here on guard at three o'clock in the morning with the wet mist creeping inside the collar of my greatcoat, I find myself a prey to gloomy thoughts. I think, for instance, of Sergeant Knowles—one of the gloomiest thoughts on record. When the war against Hitlerism is over, another small private war, the war against Sergeant Knowlesism, will remain to be fought. It will be a short sharp war, a genuine *Blitzkrieg*. I shall simply strike Sergeant Knowles three times over the head with a mallet, tent, and one for his nob, and then leave the body in a public place as a warning to all sergeants in all future wars. The fact is that Sergeant Knowles, good soldier though he is and delightful to talk to in his off-moments, simply cannot understand that a gunner who appears to be doing nothing at the moment may really be engaged on work of grave national importance. Take an instance. The other day I had spent several minutes watching someone taking part of a gun to pieces—one can learn a lot simply by watching—when I was detailed to help in the unloading of a lorry. Willingly enough I went off to the lorry, only to find that the unloading, for reasons of State, had been postponed for half an hour. This, as every ex-serviceman will understand, left me in something of a dilemma. Was it my duty to stand by until the Supreme Council gave the order for unloading to commence, or should I go back to my old job of watching? I was standing debating this problem at a point roughly half-way between the lorry and the gun when who should come round the corner but Sergeant

Knowles. For a real expert in coming round corners when not required, commend me to Sergeant Knowles. However, the point I am making is that without a moment's hesitation the man shouts out, "Here, Gunner; you're not doing anything. Go over and help Bombardier Cork's sandbagging party." "Not doing anything," mind you. The irony of it!

Another thing I dislike about Sergeant Knowles is his attitude to sleep. To hear him at about 6 o'clock in the morning you would think nobody had any right to sleep at all. "Come on! Get out of it!" he roars, thundering across the hut in his uncouth great boots. "Parade in four minutes." Well, where's the sense of that? If it is a crime to sleep in the Army, then let us return our blankets to store and have this business of lying down at night officially abolished. Otherwise, for goodness' sake let us be woken up in a decent manner. Firm, if you like, but kindly. I hate beginning each day with a feeling of guilt.

Fifty-seven minutes to go. Well, I don't think I shall live through it, but I must stick to my post. After all, I'm British and there's nowhere else to go. I shall stay here and think about Army Book 64.

Army Book 64 is just another of those fascinating little un-birthday presents that the War Office hands round to the troops from time to time. Like their last gift, a plain but tasteful identity-disc, it simply reeks of the tomb. It is all about wills. Of its twenty pages, no fewer than nine are devoted solely to this distressing subject. Well of course wills are useful and necessary things; I've nothing definite against them; but the subject needs delicate



handling. Solicitors understand this and consistently speak of the will they are urging you to make as a mere formality which is scarcely likely ever to become of practical importance—at any rate not in *your* lifetime. Army Book 64 has none of this finesse. "Come on," it says, "here's a Form of Will to be used by a soldier desirous of leaving the whole of his Property and Effects to one person. Fill it up while there's still time, and let's get on with the war. But for goodness' sake, hurry." There is even a Short Form of Will for use by the very pessimistic: "In the event of my death I give £10 to my friend, Miss Rose Smith of No. 1, High Street, London, and I give £5 to my sister, Miss Maud Bull, 999, High Street, Aldershot . . ." Of course this is only a specimen will. It is hardly to be supposed that every soldier has a friend Miss Rose Smith, still less that she lives in every case at No. 1, High Street, London. That would be something of a catastrophe. Few and far between as our leave-days are, there would be certain to be some unpleasant incidents.

Thirty-three minutes to go and I am still thinking about wills. I have almost decided the form which mine will take. I shall leave my bottle of pickled onions to Lance-Bombardier Morris, because he will get most of them in any case, even if I live. You never saw such a man for pickled onions. To Gunner Robinson I shall leave the spoon he pinched a fortnight ago and has now lost. "Red" Mullett can have my razor, in case he ever decides to shave, and Sergeant Knowles gets the offensive limerick he will find in the right breast-pocket of my jacket. For Miss Rose Smith, of No. 1, High Street, London, I have nothing but a fragrant memory.

Hitler is welcome to my palliasse, provided he gives an undertaking to sleep on it or else eat the contents.

Another seven minutes, and I am now cold and miserable enough to dwell with satisfaction on the experience of some of my colleagues last Wednesday. It appears that Lance-Bombardier Morris, Gunners Briggs, McEnty, Robinson, and some others had occasion, during a short leave or furlough, to visit a small country hotel not very far from here for lunch. They wore of course the uniform which it is our pride and privilege (besides being compulsory) to wear on all occasions outside the encampment, and they lunched, so far as they can remember, without undue uproar and vulgarity. They did not even eat with their fingers or splash the walls with gravy. Yet towards the end of the meal a woman sitting at a nearby table remarked to her companion, "Why are these allowed in here?" This small incident, which I see no reason, *pace* the Ministry of Information, to conceal, has greatly embittered Lance-Bombardier Morris and Gunners Briggs, McEnty, etc. "If," Gunner Briggs shrewdly observes, "we had been in civilian clothing, proudly displaying A.R.P. badges, I doubt if anybody would have objected to our presence in a dining-room." Well said, Gunner Briggs! At any rate no gathering of civilian warriors would have been described simply as "these."

If the lady referred to in the foregoing paragraph will call at this gun-site any day this week she will hear of something to her disadvantage.

Two minutes to go. To hell with it! I'm going to rouse up Gunner Sidgwick *now*.  
H. F. E.



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—VISITOR IN THE BATH

## Behind the Lines

### I

#### High Purpose

THERE was a Leader, pledged to burn  
With ardour anti-Comintern,  
To roll the eye and clench the fist  
Against the hellish Bolshevik;  
Resolved implacably to purge  
All Europe from the Russian scourge . . .

And here the Movement might have stuck  
For years, but by a stroke of luck  
The Leader's piercing vision saw  
The fatal, the almighty flaw:  
One vital thing his purpose lacked—  
A Russian Non-Aggression Pact . . .

No values die when autocrats  
Seal friendship by exchanging hats.  
Resolves may function just as grim  
Beneath an unaccustomed brim,  
And fists be clenched to give expression  
(As fervently) to non-aggression.

### II

#### The Third String

AFTER years of faithful toil,  
Years of soap and years of oil,  
After years of saying "Yes,"  
Here is Party-Leader Hess.

When (at last) exactly what  
Hitler asked for Hitler's got;  
When the insistent Goering's dead,  
Knifed or knocked upon the head;

When these heroes both depart,  
What shall ease the breaking heart?  
Who relieve the State's distress?  
Surely Party-Leader Hess.

Gallant Party-Leader Hess,  
Jotting down the new address,  
Hurriedly, in case of trouble,  
Advertises for a double. A. A. M.

o o

## Under the Hood

IT is a sad reflection upon the limitations of *Homo sapiens* that when he is flying through clouds he not only cannot tell whether he is on his head or his heels but is apt to be obstinately convinced that he is maintaining a dignified course on an even keel when he is simultaneously turning to the left, skidding to the right and climbing at a steep angle towards the sky.

This morning I am not flying through clouds, but when I have taken my aeroplane up to two thousand feet I imitate the conditions by pulling a green canvas hood over my cockpit so that I cannot see out of the aeroplane in any direction. The hood allows a pale-green twilight to

illuminate the instrument board in front of me, and in this decent obscurity I listen through my ear-phones to the words of my instructor.

"Before you," says my instructor, "are three instruments. In the centre of the board is the turn indicator, which tells you when the aeroplane is turning right or left. Above that is a pointer which indicates side-slip, and away to your right is the air-speed indicator from which you will be able to tell if you are climbing or diving. To keep the aeroplane straight and level you look at these instruments in rotation in the order named and you must not allow yourself to be influenced by what you *think* is happening. All right. You've got her."

"I've got her," I reply obediently, and immediately, with strained attention, I start doing the round of my instruments—turn, side-slip, air-speed. Turn, side-slip, air-speed. Turn, side-slip—no, wait a minute. I seem to be going along perfectly straight, but the thing certainly says that I am doing a No. 2 turn to the left. I put on right rudder and start a No. 3 turn to the right instead. Left rudder, right rudder. Good! Now we're straight again. But I'm slipping to the left now and the wind seems to be rising. Perhaps I'd better look at the air-speed. Heavens! A hundred and thirty when it ought to be eighty-five! I must be diving almost vertically! I hastily pull back the stick and my stomach falls through the bottom of the aeroplane. My instructor's stomach also falls through the bottom of the aeroplane and he is not pleased.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," he says in a peevish tone. "And do, for heaven's sake, keep her straight. You're doing a No. 4 turn to the left now."

Right rudder, left rudder, centralise the stick. Now back, with the perspiration starting out on my brow, to the instruments. Turn, side-slip, air-speed. Turn, side—confound it! I'm slipping to the right. And now I'm turning to the right. And now . . . I say, isn't it getting rather quiet in here? And a bit chilly? Fifty! Why the thing stalls at forty-five and I'm doing a No. 4 turn to the right! Another second and I shall be in a spin! In desperate haste I push the stick forward and my stomach flies away over my head.

"I wondered when you would notice that," says my instructor's voice resignedly. "And by the way, couldn't you stop diving? I don't like the draught. And try to do it gently for once."

I try to do it gently. In my anxiety to be gentle I forget that the air-speed indicator has a time-lag and I get gently into a steep climb.

"Why do you insist on trying to stall the machine?" asks my instructor irritably. "All right, I've got her."

He puts the aeroplane back on an even keel and I admit reluctantly that I've got her again. With bulging eyes I resume the round of my instruments, and for a short time I succeed in keeping the aeroplane straight and level.

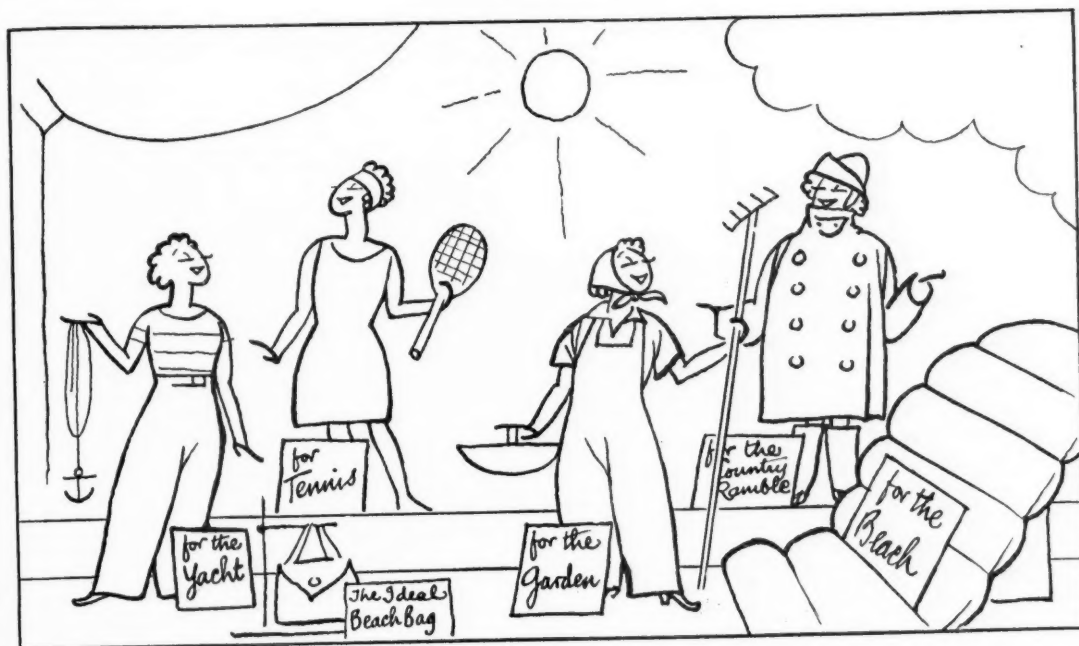
"That's more like it," says my instructor approvingly. "Now do a No. 1 turn to the left."

With infinite caution I put on left rudder and bank, and the little pointers slowly start to move. I do not feel, however, that I am really turning at all, and instinctively I put on a little more rudder and bank and embark on a No. 4 turn at a hundred and forty miles per hour. I now lose faith simultaneously in myself, my instruments, my aeroplane and human nature, and when I eventually emerge from my hood into the cheerful sunshine I greet the familiar horizon with something of the bewilderment of the blindfolded player who is shown where he really pinned the donkey's tail.

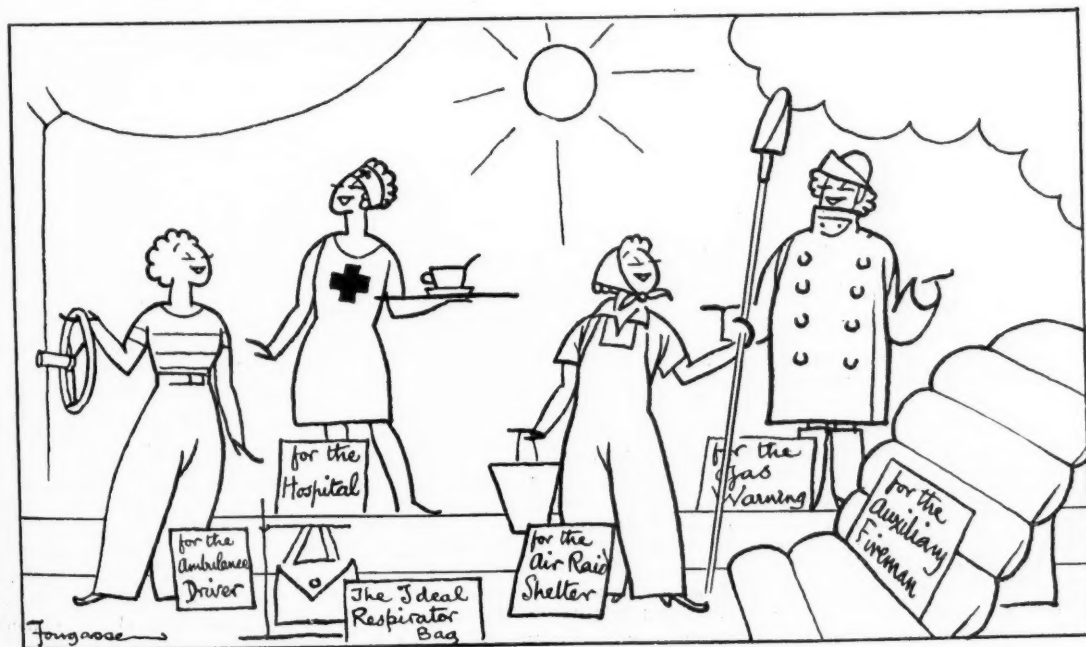
And yet I suppose that even quite young birds can do all this perfectly easily.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

VIII.—THE SHOP WINDOW



1



2

## On the Water Front

### Hints for Photographers

**W**E hate being photographed. Our face was never intended for that sort of thing. And especially do we fear and flee the Press-photographer, who always seems to catch us looking unshaved, unwashed, with straws in our hair, and about to enter a lunatic asylum.

Still, we have always had a fellow-feeling for him, even on this austere journal, which employs him not. His is a jamless job at the best. And to-day, when half the world may not be photographed at all and the other half may not be published, it must be one of the least comfortable ways of winning bread. And photographers, after all, need bread like the rest of us.

Therefore, when they semaphored across the water: "A MAN TO PHOTOGRAPH YOU," we resisted the impulse to signal back "WHY." We had done that the first time; and the Sea Scout (salute, by the way, the Sea Scouts, who have already come into their own and shown themselves the grandest lads) sent back this moving message:

"PHOTOGRAPHERS NAME IS GEORGE I I I YOU USED TO KNOW HIM IN THE OLD DAYS IN THE THEATRE A R."

That sunk us. "George!" George —, who used to start turning up at the Dress Parade; George, who used to annoy Mr. Cochrane's leading ladies by taking so many pictures of Mr. Cochrane's Young Ladies; George, who always promised to send us pictures of our favourite Young Ladies, but never did; George, who prowled like a leopard about the foyer on first nights; George, whose photographs of the last Act or the bathroom scene are all we have to show for so many laborious, delightful days—George was now one of the victims of Minnie\*: George needed bread, and we must help him.

So we did what we could for George.

But even George contrived to make us look as if we were merely having a jolly yachting holiday at the Government's expense; and we wanted no more of that. Nor did we want a "poissonality" picture of any kind. But we thought, without that, we might do some bread-worthy photographer a good turn and frighten Hitler at the same time by exhibiting our readiness for everything—secret weapons excepted. (You know, by the way, what the secret weapon is. It is an automatic gramophone which continually repeats Herr

Hitler's speeches through a loud-speaker of unprecedented power.)

So we made the following signal:

"PLEASE TELL PHOTOGRAPHER WILL NOT POSE PERSONALLY I I I BUT"

At this point the Sea Scout, urged by the photographer no doubt, began to waggle his flags vigorously in the U or calling-up position. Not good signalling etiquette; but we gave way.

He said:

"PHOTOGRAPHER SAYS HE DOES NOT WANT YOU TO POSE I I I HE WANTS TO TAKE YOU DOING SOMETHING"

We answered—testily, we fear (we had kept a watch all night and lunch was on the table):

"WHY INTERRUPT I I I I WAS GOING TO SAY WE WILL GET UP ANCHOR IN HELMETS AND GASMASKS I I I WILL APPROACH YOU AND STEAM PAST I I I THEN SUGGEST YOU PERSUADE SCOUT TO PUT ON GASMASK AND TRY SIGNALING TO US IN IT I I I ALL THIS IS SUBJECT TO PERMISSION OF SECTION OFFICER AND OF COURSE TO MINNIE AND PLEASE DO NOT ASK US TO DO MORE A R"

This, we thought, would give the photographer the chance of some entirely fresh and interesting pictures. Minnie, perhaps, would forbid them all, but he could at least try it on.

Our crew, by the way, were faintly mutinous, quite apart from the presence of lunch. They had done a forty-minutes' cruise in their tin-and-gasseries at the dead of night, and, thus attired, had tied up, sweating and swearing, to an exceptionally coaly coal-lighter in a high wind in the dark. They thought they had done enough drill for one day. But we mentioned the poor photographer's need for bread; and, with tears in their eyes, they consented to put the darned things on again.

We approached the shore, an impressive spectacle—the ship "with a bone in her teeth," the crew at their battle-stations. What a picture! And what a lesson for the enemy!

Far-off we discerned the photographer waiting, camera in hand. But not waiting alertly, eager to seize his chance. No: he was standing in an attitude suggestive of discontent and delay—a familiar attitude.

Now, we had assumed that the photographer had received our signal and would pay some attention to what

we said. A sad mistake. Photographers seldom pay attention to the mild things said by their prey. They belong to one of the many classes who believe, erroneously, that they know their own business best. They don't. And though they may hope to sell their work to the most modern and go-ahead organs, they cling like leeches to certain antique traditions and practices, and cannot be budged from them. Thus, when it is desired to draw the attention of the public to the production of a new play, the author must always be seen with three or four members of the company and, over the shoulder of the leading lady, pointing at the script of his play. The author is supposed to have been caught by accident doing this—and it is supposed to be a charmingly natural scene. But, so far as we know, it has never happened in real life; and we don't suppose it ever will. For one thing, the members of the company seldom see the author's full script, they have their own parts only, and it is extremely difficult to get them to take an interest in anybody else's. Nothing, however, will persuade a photographer to take the author and actors in any other situation.

Again, when a distinguished person is seen showing a party round the House of Commons or receiving a deputation, he must always be *pointing* at something. And if he has just opened a flower-show or art exhibition he must be holding a cauliflower in rapt admiration, or pointing with amazement at a piece of sculpture. All these traditions are as final and irrefragable as the rules of the M.C.C.

And another tradition is this, that any suggestion made by the "photographee" is raving lunacy and should be quietly ignored. We had hoped that the war might have broken this down, but we now perceived that this was wrong.

So, before donning our gassery, we shouted ahead, "We're not going to stop—so stand by and take your chance!" (Once we stopped, we knew we should be in the clutches: probably we should find ourselves pointing at the rudder over the shoulder of the Mate.)

Then we cried "Gas!" and instantly our gallant and well-trained crew reacted. Off spectacles; off battle-bowler; on fume face; on battle-bowler (and meanwhile, with the stomach muscles control the wheel

\* The Min. of In.





"Pick it up for us, Sonny. That gas-mask'll be the death o' me."

and keep the ship from wandering into the lighters).

The Master's spectacles were nearly broken: the Master's battle-bowler nearly went overboard. But all was set, and well set, very soon; and, alertly looking ahead for the enemy, we steamed slowly past the photographer.

Glancing sidelong through our port eye-piece, we observed that he was making no attempt to record and perpetuate the stirring scene. And, as we passed, we heard him say "The light's very bad."

This saying, for some reason, infuriated us—perhaps because it seemed to cast an undeserved reflection on us. At all events we shouted some irate but of course unheard retort into our respirator. (Never, by the way, if you can help it, generate anger in a respirator: it cannot be released in audible form, and the sense of frustration and confinement is very bad for the blood-pressure.)

However, we thought we would give

our friend another chance. We turned round and were nearly blown on to — Bridge by the north wind, but again we passed slowly towards and past the photographer. Again he did nothing. Again he made some feeble protest; again our respirator swelled and flapped about the face, as we filled it with indignant cries and instructions. We did not dare to remove the fume face, for then at once the fellow would have got a "poissonality" picture and won. But with it on we were quite incapable of conveying all that was in the mind. A horrid situation.

We turned again and gave the man a last chance, steaming very slowly. He did nothing. But when we were abreast he said, "Won't you take your gas-mask off, Mr. Haddock?"

"No," we spluttered and roared, but vainly, across the water. We roared it with appropriate embellishments. Our rubber cheeks swelled with our anger and flapped back into place; our ears sang; our eye-pieces became dim;

we feared an apoplexy. We put the wheel hard over and steamed away: we anchored again in dudgeon and two fathoms of water.

Then we took to the flags again, but the man had gone. We hear that he was angry; but so, my hat! were we: and now, as we know not who he was or whence he came, we write to give him *our* side of the case.

Later, going ashore, we were informed that he had said this: "*It's no use photographing anyone in a gas-mask, because you can't distinguish the features.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

We hope he did not say that. We are sure he did not. But the message, the respectful message, to all photographers remains: "Take what you can, or you may get nothing. Sometimes pay attention to what other people say; and never, for heaven's sake, think that you know your own business best."

A. P. H.



*"Bacon, cutlery, bats, butter, sugar and sock-suspenders, please."*

### What Bill Said

"SO Fritz 'e's at 'is tricks," Bill said,  
"Is dirty sinkin' game;  
We thought we'd learned 'im  
better—

Well, it seems 'e's still the same.  
But there ain't no 'Ans-medoodle  
In the blessed 'ole caboodle  
As'll stop me  
Goin' to sea,"

Bill said, said he.

"I've knowed 'is little ways last  
war.

First was off the Lizard  
In a seven-knot rusty cargo tramp  
By name the *Northern Wizard*;

I left 'er in my singlet  
In a January blizzard  
(Which wasn't the best o' fun)—  
And that was Number One,"

Bill said, said he.

"Next was south the Fastnet  
In the tanker *Panama*;  
'E peppered us with shrapnel  
Just afore 'e said 'Ta-ta!'  
We was seven days driftin'  
With our dead an' dyin' crew—  
An' that was Number Two,"

Bill said, said he.

"Last was west of Ushant.  
The Old Man up an' damned 'em;

'E shoved the 'elm 'ard over  
And 'e went for 'em and rammed  
'em.

And that was Number Three,"  
Bill said, said he.

"And now 'e's at 'is tricks," Bill  
said,

"The same old game again.  
Well, let 'im do 'is darnedest,  
And 'e'll find as 'e found then  
I ain't met  
The square-'ead yet  
As'll stop me  
Goin' to sea,"

Bill said, said he.

C. F. S.



### THE LITTLE RED FATHER

"Heil Kamerad! Now that I've dealt with Poland, tell me what peace terms I am to dictate to the Democracies."



## Pre-Which?

**T**O-DAY, when the reiteration on every side of the words "*Which war?*" gives to general conversation something of the explosive and squeaky sibilance of monkeys' chatter (no names, no mandrill), seems to me to be the time to examine a problem of daily life that will solve itself soon, anyway. I mean precisely that irritating necessity of finding out which war is under discussion.

In this period of transition it's impossible to know from moment to moment, and disentangling the motives of the person who uses the expression "*pre-war*" takes up an immense amount of time that might be better employed filling sandbags. Till September 3rd, "*pre-war*" meant "*before August, 1914*"; and even after September 3rd there was a period during which only jokers used it to mean September 2nd. But gradually, gradually, like a patch of moonshine, the light of other days is covering with a faint radiance all time up to that fatal hour when Hitler lost his touch, and nobody can now say "*pre-war*" without being prepared to do some hasty explaining.

Something must be done, and I think I have time to do it before I disappear to join the forty million pounds I have salted away in a bank in Iceland.

Time—but not, I admit, ideas; and the lack of interest I have to contend with is discouraging. My friend Hocksquabble, for instance, a typical exponent of *laissez-faire* (if that's what I mean), seems to be of the opinion that the problem will soon be solved without exertion on the part of anybody concerned.



"... I'm afraid we shall have to stay with you till next month—you see, we've used up all this month's ration getting here."

"It is never any use," said Hocksquabble the other day, "trying to influence a matter of language. All matters of language have to settle themselves."

This assertion was challenged by a sentry (armed with ball cartridge), but Hocksquabble did not appear to think it worth defending. He went on to tell a long involved story about some occasion when he had tried to suppress a phrase of which he disapproved. The story for some reason included descriptions of a number of meals, several of which were breakfasts; and this puzzled me.

"Why are so many of these meals breakfasts, Hocksquabble?" I asked.

He took no notice of this at all.

"It was some time ago," he went on, "before the—"

I was all ready to say "*Which war?*" but he recognised the advanced state of my preparedness and chose to fly at a great height.

"Several months ago," he corrected. Then he resumed the tale, punctuating it with breakfast after breakfast, and I grew weary. Cutting sharply across the tangle of shams and pretences with my little ice-axe, I said, "What about '*pre-this-war*'?"

"No," said Hocksquabble at once. "Most unlikely. Hard to say. The phrase that catches on is always the easiest one to say. Besides, if you're thinking of leaving '*pre-war*' to mean '*before 1914*,' you're still giving opportunities for people to say '*Which war?*' You can't start every conversation by announcing that you're playing the '*pre-this-war*' convention."

"Harder to say than what?"

"'*Pre-war*,'" said Hocksquabble. "You mark my words, that's what it'll settle down to. Everybody will say '*pre-war*' because '*pre-this-war*' is what nearly all of them'll mean. The real problem," he went on earnestly, "is what to say when you mean '*pre-last-war*.'"

"Well, since, as you say," I said, "they'll mean that much less often than they mean '*pre-this-war*,' why not let 'em say '*pre-last-war*'?"

Hocksquabble said it was just a fad of his. "The phrase offends me," he said. "Not that my feelings would have any effect, but it's nearly as troublesome to say as '*pre-this-war*,' and that'll stop it all right."

"If it's your belief that no word that's difficult to say survives," I said, "let me draw your attention to the word '*acatalactic*.'"

"Where has that survived?" asked Hocksquabble.

"In the dictionary. It means '*opposed to political economy*.'"

"It sounds, on the other hand," Hocksquabble observed, "like somebody shutting the gates of a lift. Anyway, I don't agree that it's difficult to say. The tongue glides over it like a beetle over stony ground."

I sighed. "Well then," I said, "what is your suggestion?"

"I make no suggestion. It's useless to make any suggestion. I tell you," said Hocksquabble, "the whole matter will settle itself. In three years, dash it all—"

You see the kind of defeatist attitude I have to face. It does, in fact, make me wonder whether my efforts are worth while. I never should have thought, before the w—I mean before *this war*, that the w—I mean the *last war*, would have—

Oh, well. I recommend you to regard this article as a false alarm (due to an electrical fault). The "All Clear" will be given in a few moments.

R. M.



# PUNCH AND THE GREAT WAR

No day, as Max Beerbohm once told us, is quite so dead as the day before yesterday, but he did not suggest what was to be done if the day, decently buried, suddenly returned to life. Nobody, not even among the generations born long after, remains untouched by the memory of the war twenty years ago, and this memory includes not only the men who were sent out to fight but the black-outs, the women's armies, the stringent economies, the sugar cards and the precious drops of petrol. English householders made the doubtful acquaintance of margarine and saccharine, pleaded with the grocer, stormed the newspaper boy, or, when the Zeppelins threatened overhead, remained, like Keats' wine-flagon, cooled a long while in the deep delved earth. They saw the bus-conductress and the lady farm-worker, apparitions as strange to the Home Front as were the Tanks to the armies abroad. They faced weeks of uncertainty and lifetimes of irreparable loss.

We are called upon now to do all these things once again. In 1919, when the time came to beat swords into ploughshares, *Punch* showed a village blacksmith doubtfully remarking that "as a blacksmith of forty-five years' experience, I may tell you that it can't be done." We are faced with the conclusion that for his own generation he was right.

When the Great War broke out the directors of *Punch*, visualising a jokeless era, thought of closing down the paper. Instead, however, *Punch* saw it through, and from 1914 to 1919 the war-time joke became nearly allied with war-time heroism. There was humour from men in danger, men clinging to the wrecks of torpedoed ships, men up to their

waists in water in the trenches, men under fire, those who were disappointed of their leave, and those who got it. There was the humour of endless meat queues and inexperienced helpers and the strange adventures of "Darkest London," where the pavements, then as now, became a gloomy jungle after nightfall. Complaining fortitude, if the complaint is humorous, is as glorious as the silent variety. In peril and discomfort we could dispense less than ever with the judicious levity which Michael Finsbury recommended. Many of *Punch's* most valued contributors were at the Front, but they continued to send back sketches and articles distinguished not only for their wit but for their admirable moderation:

*If Bosches laughed and Huns were gents  
They'd own their share of continents . . .*

The English public did not at any time forget the moral of this. They continued to laugh while *Punch* followed the soldier's history through from the rigours of his first training to the strange labyrinths of demobilisation.

Details affect the memory more clearly than enormities, and even BUSINESS AS USUAL chalked up somewhere awakens

*Reverberations sad as strange  
Within the moral moated grange.*

This selection from *Punch* during the Great War calls up the sentiments with which we faced it from day to day, headache, stomach-ache and heartache. The parallel remains for everyone to draw.  
P. K.





BRAVO, BELGIUM!

## PRO PATRIA.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go  
Because, where Honour calls you, go you  
must,

Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know  
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar  
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you  
sought;

But not for her sake, being what you are,  
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,  
May with the brute sword stain a gallant  
past;

But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,  
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep  
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,  
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep  
Their storied scutcheon bright.

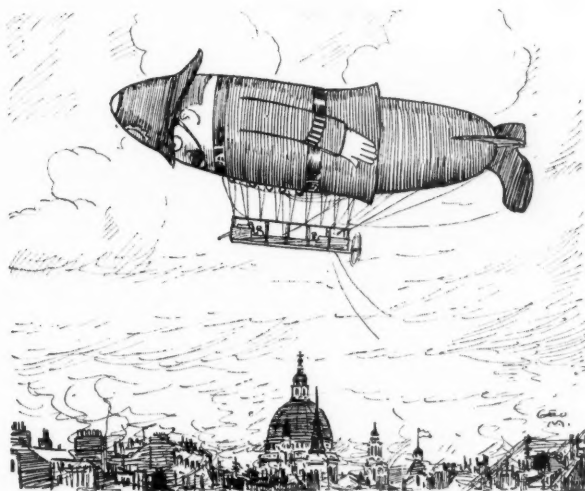
And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—  
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,  
We ask what offering we may consecrate,  
What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;  
To find our welfare in the general good;  
To hold together, merging all degrees  
In one wide brotherhood;

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;  
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed:  
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,  
For others' greater need;

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;  
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;  
With level calm to face alike the strain  
Of triumph or defeat;

This be our part, for so we serve you best,  
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,  
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test  
Our fortunes we confide. O. S.



PERHAPS THE LONDON PUBLIC WOULD FEEL MORE SECURE IF  
OUR GUARDIAN AIRSHIP WERE MADE IN THIS PATTERN.

## IN THE CITY.

BECAUSE beneath grey Northern skies  
Some grey hulls heave and fall,  
The merchants sell their merchandise  
All just as usual;  
Our cargoes sail for man's content  
The same as yesterday,  
And war-risk's down to 2 per  
cent.,  
The underwriters say.

The clerks they sit with page and  
pen  
And fill the desks a-row,  
Because outside of Cuxhaven  
There's them to make it so;  
We go to lunch, as natural,  
From one o'clock till two,  
Because outside of Kiel Canal  
There's those that let us do.

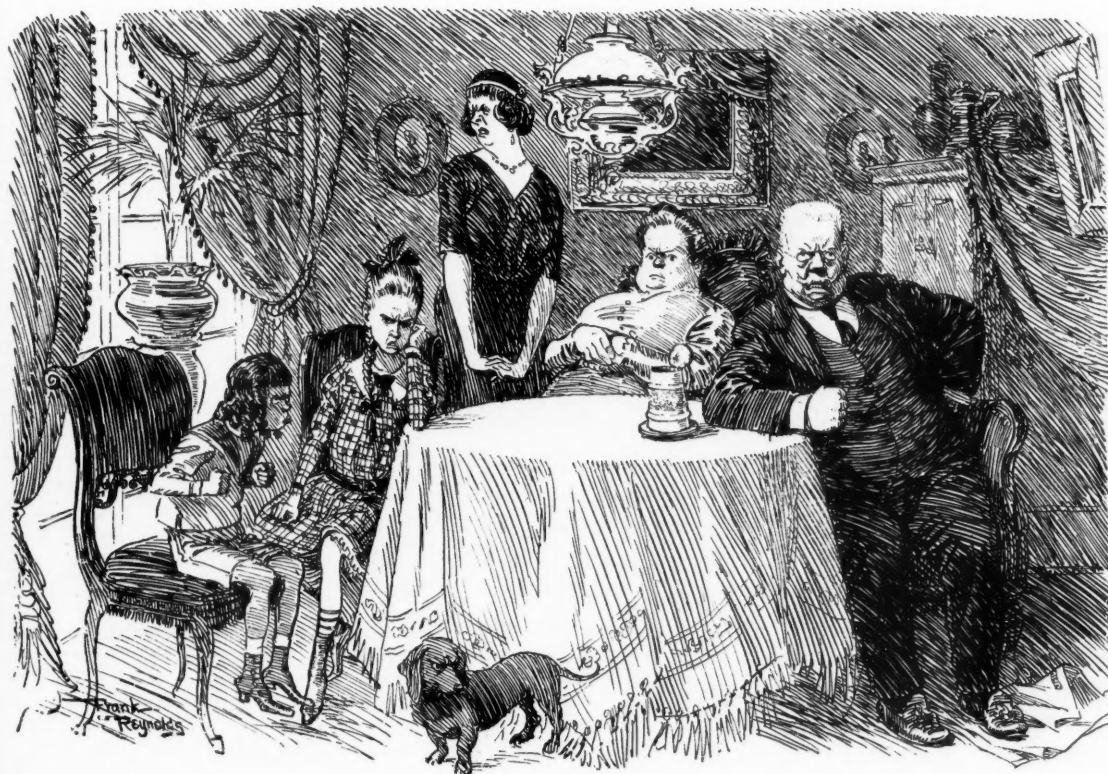
We check and add our pass-books  
up  
Or keep our weekly Boards  
Unhampered by the works of Krupp  
And all the Kaiser's swords;  
At five o'clock we have our tea  
And catch our usual bus—  
So thank the Lord for those at sea  
Who guard the likes of us.



### UNCONQUERABLE.

THE KAISER. "SO, YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING."  
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "NOT MY SOUL."





STUDY OF A PRUSSIAN HOUSEHOLD HAVING ITS MORNING HATE.

## AT THE FRONT.

WEEKS and weeks ago a German battery got the range of a slab of railway from which our armoured train had been grieving them; and but for the fact that the train had moved off about half an hour earlier it might quite easily have been hit. The German battery was so pleased at this victory that they now make a hobby of this bit of the line, dusting it up daily from 5 to 7.30 P.M.; and I should think it would be very dangerous for anyone who was actually present at that hour. But, as nobody ever is, our casualties at this point are negligible. In the meantime the noise is horrid; and our billet has already thought out several polite notes to the battery commander, pointing out that we like to make up lost sleep between tea and dinner. The only difficulty is in the matter of delivery.

There was a time when the trenches

were as restful as billets; such halcyon days are gone. An offensive attitude is demanded. We must, it is felt, prove to the Bosch our activity, our confidence in ourselves, our contempt of him, and, in short, our *höchste Gefechtsbereitschaft* (all rights still reserved). To achieve this without actually attacking takes a bit of doing. A specimen of demonstrative operations ordered during twenty-four hours may, without giving too much away, be briefly sketched:—

4 A.M. Alternate platoons will sing *God Save the King*, *Tipperary* and *The Rosary* until 4.15, and alternate sections will fire one round rapid. Should the Bosch disregard this—

6 A.M. Swedish drill will take place on the parapet. This having failed to draw fire or other sign of hostile attention—

10 A.M. The regimental mouth-organist section will play the *Wacht am Rhein* flatly, timelessly, tunelessly,

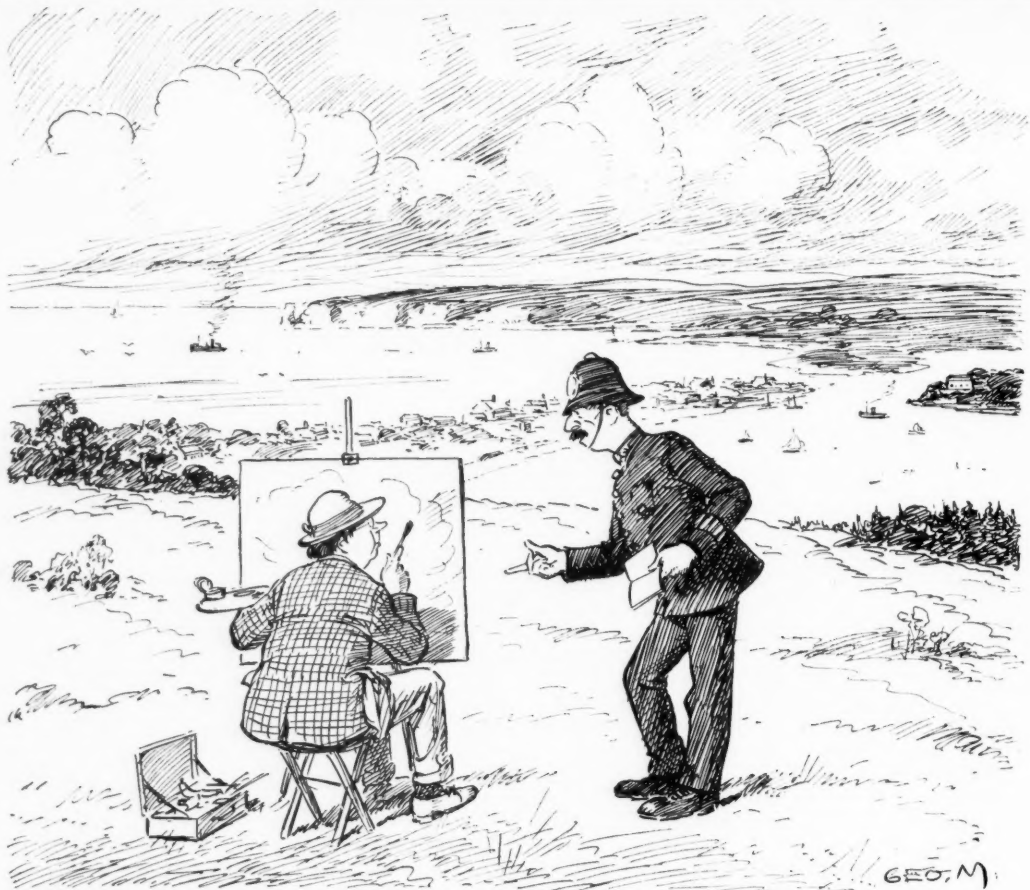
but still recognisably. When both sides have recovered—

5 P.M. Two companies will fire salutes at the setting sun, while the remaining two will play association football in front of the barbed wire.

By some such policy of frightfulness we daunt the Bosch from day to day, and we have small doubt that on that afternoon when we go "over the top" to take tea with him he will meet us half-way with raised arms and a happy smile of relief at the ending of his suspense.

## Omar Khayyam on the North Sea Battle.

THEY say the *Lion* and the *Tiger* sweep  
Where once the Huns shelled babies  
from the deep,  
And *Blücher*, that great cruiser—  
12-inch guns  
Roar o'er his head but cannot break  
his sleep.



Rural Constable. "SKETCHING THE HARBOUR IS FORBIDDEN, SIR."

Artist. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M MAKING A STUDY OF CLOUDS."

R. C. (impressively). "AH! BUT SUPPOSING YOUR PICTURE GOT INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY'S AIRCRAFT DEPARTMENT, SEE THE USE THEY COULD MAKE OF IT!"

### THE WATCH DOGS.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Five days' leave for Henry. O beauteous prospect! Five whole days and nights of liberty and indiscipline, England and no ruins! Five fours are twenty, five twos are ten and two's twelve: a hundred-and-twenty glorious hours of crowded life with never a "Stand to arms!" Nobody shall inspect me or anything that is mine; I will inspect nobody and nothing. There shall be no barbed wire, no bully-beef tins anywhere. All around me shall be peaceful, refined, decadent, effeminate; silk socks, for instance, possibly of the mauve kind; the green squash hat, the patent leather shoe, even the umbrella. Shall I continue to carry all I possess upon my aching back? No; a taxicab shall carry me; and a messenger boy, following at a respectful distance, shall carry my gloves and evening paper. I will spend many of those precious hours watching

real hot water gush out of a real tap, and I've a good mind to shave off my moustache for the time being.

There shall be no order or method in my comings and goings; I will saunter, possibly even slouch. Fair English women shall adorn the thoroughfares along which I pass; no coarse male hands shall tamper with my food; enamel ware and large grimy hands shall disappear; I will revel in white tablecloths, clean napkins, bright silver; in coffee and correspondence served on trays. "Spotless evening dress" and real beds shall reassert themselves in my life. The rising and setting of the sun shall be no concern of mine; at the former I will be sleeping, at the latter dining. I will be no man's master and no man shall be mine; my afternoon I will spend in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, drinking delicate tea from frail china cups (with saucers to them, ye gods!), gossiping scandalously, or trifling flippantly with things that don't

matter. I will wash me a hundred times a day; the Turkish Bath shall be my second home; sardines and all other things that inhabit tins shall be taboo; milk shall come straight from the cow and no Swiss middleman shall have had a hand in it; light in any degree required shall be had for the mere pressing of a button, and breakfast shall be at a reasonable hour.

Upon consideration, all other programmes are a wash-out; I will do nothing all the time.

Such are the orders I have issued to myself during this, the last tour in the trenches, before I go. My leave is in my pocket; my very ticket is in my cigarette-case. Life, these last days, has been one whirl of gay anticipation; I wait here for the relief to come. For the fourth time in four days the sun has returned to his accustomed west. "Lucky beggar," say I, a fellow-feeling making me wondrous kind.

In the telephone dug-out sits the

signaller, quarrelling with his *confrère* at the other end of the line and repeating undeterred his spirited "Akk, akk, akk." Barbed wire in all fancy designs stands everywhere, patiently awaiting darkness so that it may emerge and join its kind outside the parapet. The senior captain sits in the mess hut struggling with reports and returns, certificates and lists of trench stores. The junior captain prowls as ever in search of the least untidiness in the demesne (what a curse he'll be to his wife when he goes on leave!). As usual the subalterns congregate and resettle European affairs and rearrange the end of the war for an early date. The latest rumour floats round the boys: "Turkey's hostility has given in; Austria's ammunition has given out; we are for home and light guard duties at Buckingham Palace this day fortnight." The inevitable slice of bacon frizzles over the brazier; breakfast in the trenches may begin at dawn, but it is not over by dusk. My pet irrepressible hurls threats at the enemy over the way; the answering bullet bespatters irritably the top line of our sandbags. At his emplacement the sergeant of the machine-gun section lays his aim for his customary twenty or thirty rounds at eventide, and explains for the hundredth time that the parts of the gun which recoil are technically known as the recoiling parts, the parts which don't recoil as the non-recoiling parts. His audience show their appreciation by gently humming songs about aged mothers and canteens.

To my happiness my servant puts the last touch with a cup of soup. "One of these days, William," say I, "you will get a D.C.M." "D.C.M., Sir?" he queries. "A distinguished conduct medal," I say. "More likely, Sir," says he, "a district court-martial." My smile prompts William, ever a sympathetic subject, to gossip. Had I heard of the local parson? No. William gives me the facts. "He couldn't serve himself, Sir," says he, "or said he couldn't, so he mounted his organist on his own best horse and dispatched the pair of them, with his compliments, to the nearest Yeomanry Recruiting Office." A true raconteur, William pauses before making his point. "The Yeomanry people expressed their thanks, Sir," says he, "keeping the horse but returning the organist."

After all, the world is a good place, even this Flanders corner of it, and I have a smile of welcome even for the orderly who brings me from the Adjutant one of those familiar notes which wear such important envelopes but have usually such insignificant insides. I open it and read . . .

This is a true incident, Charles—they all are. The contents of the note are: "Brigade message runs:—All leave cancelled, except in the case of those who have already gone. For your information." For my information!

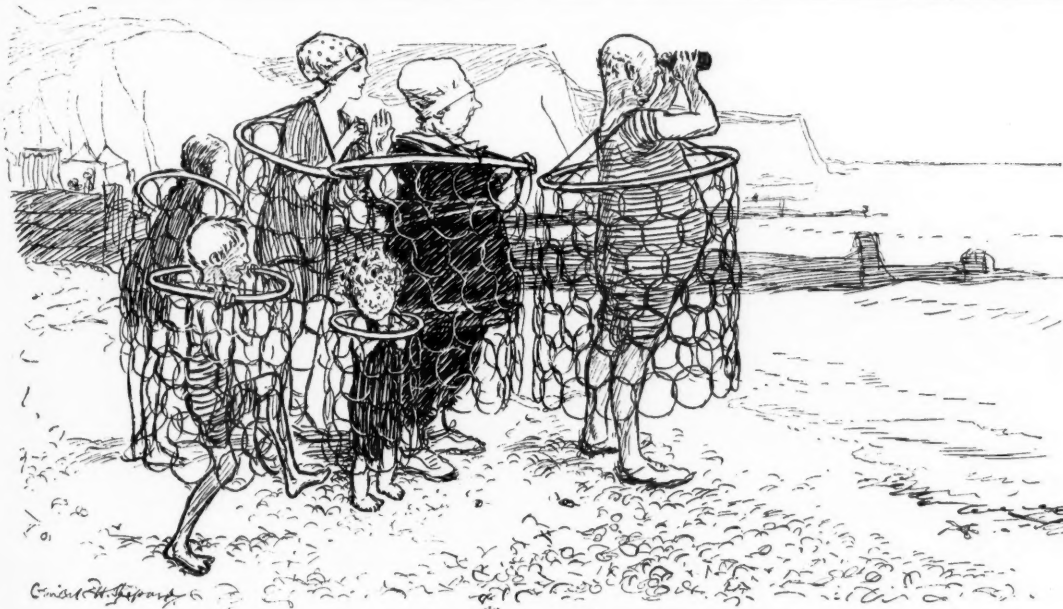
It is past weeping for, a long way past swearing about. Things have never so suddenly become sordid and vile for me, especially the ubiquitous sandbags and chloride of lime. I

want to abuse somebody, hit him, kill him. The orderly, knowing the contents of the note, has gone. William, knowing me, has also withdrawn. I am about to help myself to two bombs from the trench stores, with a view to destroying my immediate surroundings, when my eye falls on the machine-gun, with its new belt in, all ready to fire. I advance upon it; the anger flashing from my eyes awes the section. With no man's leave or licence I sit down behind the gun and, raising the safety-catch and depressing the button, I loose off without pause two hundred and fifty passionate fiery rounds, meaning every one of them . . .

Amongst my fellows is a better-educated private who in civilian life is apparently a poet. His last straw is also a message just arrived: a verbal message from his platoon-sergeant to the effect that the first twenty-four hours of his rest will be spent on headquarters guard. Being either unaware of my presence or else aware of my inner feelings, he gives vent to verse, which, however little he may mean it or however emphatically it would have been suppressed by me in other circumstances, I now take a wicked delight in reproducing, without of course endorsing its sentiment:—

*"How all authorities intrigue  
To make my life one long fatigue . . .  
Oh, Gott strafe all the Powers that be,  
From Sergeant Birch to the G.O.C."*

Your dismal  
HENRY.



THE ANTI-TORPEDO BATHING OUTFIT.





IT'S THE SAME MAN.





THE OUTCAST.

A PLACE IN THE SHADOW.



*Sergeant-Major (lecturing the young officers of a new battalion of an old regiment). "YOU 'AVEN'T GOT TO MAKE TRADITIONS; YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO KEEP 'EM. YOU WAS THE BLANKSHIRE REGIMENT IN 1810. YOU ARE THE BLANKSHIRE REGIMENT IN 1916. NEVER MORE CLEARLY 'AS 'ISTORY REPEATED ITSELF."*

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS.

In Summer we suffered from dust an' from flies,  
The flies in our rations, the dust in our eyes,  
An' some of our fellows they drooped in the 'eat,  
But the Bosch, oh, the Bosch, was perspirin' a treat!

There were times when we longed for a tankard o' beer,  
Bein' sick o' warm water—our tipples out 'ere,  
But our tongues might be furry an' throats like a flue,  
Yet it's nothin' to wot the fat Bosches went through.

Now Winter is 'ere with the wet an' the cold,  
An' our rifles an' kit are a sight to be'old,  
An' in trenches that's flooded we tumble an' splosh,  
"Wot cheer?" we remarks. "It's the same for the Bosch."

If we're standing' in two foot o' water, you see,  
Quite likely the Bosches are standin' in three;

An' though the keen frost may be ticklin' our toes,  
'Oo doubts that the Bosches' 'ole bodies is froze?

Are we sleepy or sick or 'arf dead for a meal?  
Just think of 'ow underfed Bosches must feel!  
Are we badly in need of a shave an' a wash?  
Consider the 'orrible state o' the Bosch!

So 'ere's our philosophy simple an' plain:  
Wotever we 'ates in the bloomin' campaign,  
'Tis balm to our souls, as we grumble an' cuss,  
To feel that the Bosches are 'atin' it wuss.

#### Variaæ Lectiones.

Underneath a picture representing a soldier jumping from the ground on to a trotting horse:—

"A well-known French jockey, now galloper to a French General, setting off in haste with an important message."—*Daily Mail*.

"Convalescent British and French soldiers amused at the antics of Daix, the well-known French jockey, who entertained them with an exhibition of trick-riding."—*Daily Graphic*.



### THE RESOURCEFUL LOVER.

TEUTON TROUBADOUR (*serenading the fair Columbia*). "IF SHE WON'T LISTEN TO MY LOVE-SONGS, I'LL TRY HER WITH A BRICK!"





## THE UNSEEN HAND.

Bill. "A FELLER IN THIS HERE PAPER SAYS AS WE AIN'T FIGHTING THE GERMAN PEOPLE."

Gus. "INDEED! DOES THE BLINKIN' IDIOT SAY WHO WE'VE BEEN UP AGAINST ALL THIS TIME?"

## THE AUSTRALIAN.

[*"The bravest thing God ever made."*—A British Officer's opinion.]

THE skies that arched his land were blue,  
 His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,  
 And yet from earliest hours he knew  
 The tides of victory and defeat;  
 From fierce floods thundering at his birth,  
 From red droughts ravaging while he played,  
 He learned to fear no foes on earth—  
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

The bugles of the Motherland  
 Rang ceaselessly across the sea,  
 To call him and his lean brown band  
 To shape Imperial destiny;  
 He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,  
 The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,  
 The promise of his blood fulfilled—  
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

We know—it is our deathless pride!—  
 The splendour of his first fierce blow;  
 How, reckless, glorious, undenied,  
 He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!  
 And none who saw him scale the height  
 Behind his reeking bayonet-blade  
 Would rob him of his title-right—  
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest where half a world of men  
 Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,  
 So stoutly none shall charge again  
 Till the last breaking of the swords;  
 Wounded or hale, won home from war,  
 Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,  
 Give him his due for evermore—  
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

W. H. O.





C. O. (to sentry). "DO YOU KNOW THE DEFENCE SCHEME FOR THIS SECTOR OF THE LINE, MY MAN?"  
 Tommy. "YES, SIR."  
 C. O. "WELL, WHAT IS IT, THEN?" Tommy. "TO STAY 'ERE AN' FIGHT LIKE 'ELL."

#### HINTS FOR AIR RAIDS.

THE War Office have issued a notice reminding the public that they are greatly inconvenienced by persons who telephone for information during the progress of an air-raid. To avoid a repetition of the trouble the attention of the public is called to the following information:—

(1) Elderly ladies may deposit their lap-dogs in the bomb-proof shelter erected for that purpose in the basement of the War Office buildings at Whitehall, a charge of one penny per dog per raid being made.

(2) Persons removed from the interior of motor omnibuses by the explosion of bombs dropped by airships cannot claim from the Government a refund of the fares paid by them.

(3) Persons having reason to believe that an air-raid is in progress are requested to put on their hats before leaving the house, as it has been ascertained that a hard hat is a substantial protection against falling Zeppelins.

(4) For the benefit of editors and others who are dissatisfied with the precautions taken to cope with the Zeppelin peril, Messrs. Selfgrove & Co.

announce that their new Strafing Room will shortly be open to the public.

(5) As the force of a bomb explosion is largely in an upward direction, those in the immediate vicinity of a dropping bomb are advised to assume a recumbent position, in which they will enjoy the added advantage of being indistinguishable from the pavement.

(6) As theatre audiences are notoriously subject to panic, actor-managers are earnestly requested to prepare beforehand some suitable jest with which, in the event of a bomb entering the theatre, the attention of the audience may be distracted.

To The Memory  
of  
**Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener.**

BORN JUNE 24TH, 1850. DIED ON SERVICE JUNE 5TH, 1916.

SOLDIER of England, you who served her well  
And in that service, silent and apart,  
Achieved a name that never lost its spell  
Over your country's heart:—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length  
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time  
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength  
That kept its manhood's prime;

Great was your life, and great the end you made,  
As through the plunging seas that whelmed your  
head  
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,  
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away  
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,  
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day  
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true  
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free  
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew  
But might not live to see. O. S.

### UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

(From a German.)

YES, and for the very reason that I am a German I am speaking to you, so that you may know what one German at least thinks of you and your deeds. For I know that even where you sit walled about by your flatterers, ramparted against the intrusion of any fresh breath of criticism, and protected by entanglements of barbed wire against any hint of doubt as to your god-like attributes—even there I know that my voice shall in time reach you, and you shall become aware that there is a German who dares to say of you what millions of Germans think and soon will dare to say.

You are the man, Sir, who by a word spoken in a seasonable moment might have forbidden the War, and this word you refused to speak because, knowing your own preparations for war and those of the nations whom you forced to be your enemies, you anticipated an easy and a swift triumph. You believed that, after spending a few thousands of men and a few millions of marks, victory would be yours, and you would be able, as an unquestioned conqueror, to dictate peace to those who had dared to oppose you. And thus in a few months at the most you would return to Berlin and prance along the flower-strewn streets at the head of your victorious and but little-injured regiments. It is told of you that lately, when you visited a great hospital crowded with maimed and shattered men, your vain and shallow mind was for a moment startled by the terrible sight, and you murmured, "It was not I who willed this." In part you were right. You did not consciously will to bring upon your country the suffering and the misery you have caused, because you were willing to take the gambler's chance; but in the sight of God, to whom you often appeal, you will not escape the responsibility for having steadily thrust peace

and conciliation aside when, as I say, by one word you might have avoided war.

Germany, you will say, is a great nation and cannot brook being insulted and defied. Great heaven, Sir, who denied that Germany was great? Who wished to insult or defy her? Not France, whose one desire was to live in peace; not Russia, still bleeding from wounds suffered at the hands of Japan; not England, still, as of old, intent on her commercial development, though anxious, naturally enough, for her Fleet; not Italy, bound to you by a treaty designed to guard against aggression. It is true that all nations were becoming weary of a violent and hectoring diplomacy, of a restless and jealous punctilio seeking out occasions for misunderstandings and quarrels, and rushing wildly from one crisis to another; but under your direction this intolerable system had been patented and put in operation by Germany and by no other nation. It was as though a parvenu, uncertain of his manners and doubtful as to his reception, should burst violently into a *salon* filled with quiet people and, having upset the furniture and thrown the china ornaments about, should accuse all the rest of treading on his toes and insulting him. So did Germany act, and for such actions you, who had autocratic power—you, at whose nod Chancellors trembled (you loved their tremors) and Generals quaked with fear—must be held responsible. What low strain of vulgarity was it, what coarse desire to bluster and rant yourself into fame and honour, rather than to deserve them by a magnanimous patience and a gentleness beyond reproach, that drove you on your perilous way? It was your pettiness that at the last plunged you into the War.

And now that you have been in it for little short of two years, how stands the Fatherland, and where are the visions of easy and all but immediate victory? Germany is bleeding at every pore. Her soldiers are brave; but to confirm you on your throne you force them day by day to a slaughter in which millions have already been laid low. That other nations are suffering too is for me no consolation. My thoughts are centred on Germany, once so nobly great, and now forced by a restless and jealous lunatic into a war to which there seems no end.

I sign myself in deep sorrow,  
A GERMAN.

### MORE OR LESS.

THE fleet of Dutch merchantmen which has been sunk by a waiting submarine sailed, it now appears, under a German guarantee of "relative security": and the incident has been received in Holland with a widespread outburst of relative acquiescence. Germany, in the little ingenious arrangements that she is so fond of making for the safety and comfort of her neighbours, is so often misunderstood. It should be obvious by this time that her attitude to International Law has always been one of approximate reverence. The shells with which she bombarded Rheims Cathedral were contingent shells, and the *Lusitania* was sunk by a relative torpedo.

Neutrals all over the world who are smarting just now under a fresh manifestation of Germany's respective goodwill should try to realise before they take any action what is the precise situation of our chief enemy. He has (relatively) won the War; he has (virtually) broken the resistance of the Allies; he has (conditionally) ample supplies for his people; in particular, he is (morally) rich in potatoes. His finances at first sight appear to be pretty heavily involved, but that will soon be adjusted by (hypothetical) indemnities; he has enormous (proportional) reserves of men; he has (theoretically) blockaded Great Britain, and his final victory is (controversibly) at hand.

COSTUMES FOR ZEPPEPS.



THE OBVIOUS.



THE CASUAL.



THE RECKLESS.



THE CAUTIOUS.



THE ABANDONED.



THE COMPOSITE.



THE FLUSTERED.



THE GRÆCO-ROMAN.



THE ABSENT-MINDED.

Frank Reynolds



*Vague Tommy (writing letter).* "WOT DAY IS IT?"

*Chorus.* "THE FOURTEENTH."

*Tommy.* "WOT MONTH?"

*Chorus.* "OCTOBER."

*Tommy.* "WOT YEAR?"





*The Pessimist.* "WOT A LIFE! NO REST, NO BEER, NO NUFFIN. IT'S ONLY US KEEPING SO CHEERFUL AS PULLS US THROUGH!"

### THE BOMBER GIPSY.

COME, let me tell the oft-told tale again

Of that strange Tyneside grenadier we had,  
Whom none could quell or decently constrain,

For he was turbulent and sometimes bad,  
Yet, stout of heart, he dearly loved to fight,  
And spoke his fellows on a gusty night  
In some high barn, where, huddled in the straw,

They watched the cheap wicks gutter on the shelf,  
How he was irked with discipline and law,  
And would fare forth to battle by himself.

This said, he left them and returned no more;

But whispers passed from Vimy to Verdun,  
Where'er the fields ran thickest with gore,  
Of some stray bomber that belonged to none,  
But none more fierce or flung a fairer bomb,  
Who ran unscathed the gamut of the Somme  
And followed Freyberg up the Beaucourt mile

With uncouth cries and streaming muddy hair;  
But after, when they sought his name and style  
And would have honoured him—he was not there.

But most he loved to lie upon Lorette

And, couched on cornflowers, gaze across the lines  
At Vimy's heights—we had not Vimy yet—

Pale Souchez's bones and Lens among the mines,

The tall pit-towers and dusky heaps of slag,  
Until, like eagles on the mountain-crag  
By strangers stirred, with hoarse indignant shrieks  
Gunnery emerged from some deep-delved lair  
To chase the intruder from their sacred peaks  
And cast him down to Ablain St. Nazaire.

And rumour said he roamed the rearward ways

In quiet seasons when no battle brewed;  
The transport, homing through the evening haze,  
Had seen and carried him, and given him food;  
And he would leave them at Bethune canteen  
Or some hot drinking-house at Noeux-les-Mines,  
Where he would sit with wine and eggs and bread  
Till the swart minions of the A.P.M.

Stole in and called for him, but found him fled  
Out at the back. He was too much for them.

Too much. And surely thou shalt e'er be so;

No hungry discipline shall starve thy soul;  
Shalt freely foot it where the poppies blow,  
Shalt fight unfettered when the cannon roll,  
And haply, Wanderer, when the hosts go home,  
Thou only still in Aveluy shalt roam,  
Haunting the crumbled windmill at Gavrelle  
And fling thy bombs across the silent lea,  
Drink with shy peasants at St. Catherine's Well  
And in the dusk go home with them to tea.

A. P. H.

## THE ART OF DETACHMENT.

(Being a letter from a cloistered lady visiting London to her sister in the Shires.)

MY DEAR RUTH,—Beginning at the beginning, let me tell you that you must at once go to the station to inquire how it is that they forced me to pay thirty shillings for my ticket, instead of one pound. Although the price one pound is printed on the ticket, I couldn't get it until I had paid ten shillings extra. There was no time to get a proper explanation, so I want you to do so. Very likely it is sheer blackmail by that man in the booking-office, whom I never cared for. You had better see the station-master about it.

The next thing I want to tell you is that most of our ideas of London are wrong. You remember how we used to be told about its wonderful lighting at night, and the comfort of its hotels, and the bright shops, and the crowds of taxis, and so on. Well, this isn't true at all. So far from being well-lighted, I assure you that our few little streets and market square are a blaze compared with this city. Some streets here are absolutely dark, and even in the great thoroughfares there is so little light that crossing the road is most perilous. The thing could be put right in a moment if they would only see to it that the lamps were cleaned; I looked closely at several of them and I could see exactly what was wrong—a coat of grimy stuff has accumulated on the glass. Now to get this off would be quite easy, but it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to do it. I suppose that London is very badly managed; and here again I think the advantage lies with us, for I am certain that our District Council would never allow such a state of things. Probably the Lord Mayor is lazy.

The funny thing is that there is plenty of good light, only they don't know how to apply it. Every night, directly it begins to be dark, great streams of light are turned on from all parts of the city; but would you believe it, they are directed, not downwards so that they could illumine the street, but upwards into the empty sky! If the Chairman of our District Council could see this, how he would laugh! I wish you would tell him.

Then there is coal. I went, as we arranged, first to the Jerusalem Hotel,

but it was like ice. When I asked the hotel people why the central heating was not on, they said that there is no coal. At least it seems that there is coal, but no one to deliver it. Just think of our coal-merchant returning such a reply to us when the cellar was getting empty. But in London they seem to be ready to put up with any excuse. Why the men who ought to deliver the coals are not made to, I can't imagine. Anyhow, as I was freezing, I moved into lodgings, where there is coal, although an exorbitant price is asked for each scuttle.

The great topic of conversation everywhere has been some new speculation called the War Loan, and I have to confess that as it is so well spoken of and is to pay the large dividend of 5½ per cent. I have arranged to invest something for each of us in it. I don't know who the promoter—a Mr. Bonar Law—is, but it would be awful

them. But I couldn't help thinking that if so much money seems really to be needed, and this Mr. Law is really a public benefactor, it might not be a bad idea to try to divert some of the thousands of pounds being paid every day in London alone for sheer amusement. Of course if England had the misfortune to be at war most of these places would naturally be shut up.

By the way, Germans are strangely unpopular in London just now. I have heard numbers of people, all in different places, such as the Tube and omnibuses and tea-shops, using very strong terms about them. It has been quite a series of coincidences.

No more for the present from

Your affectionate

LOUISA.

## THINGS OVERHEARD IN WAR-TIME.

"THERE couldn't be room there for *all* the Jews, could there?"

"After waiting two hours I got half a pound."

"It should be made compulsory."

"Wherever else these matches strike, they won't strike on the box."

"I just turned over and went to sleep again."

"I wish the Government would tell me what I could do for them."

"Oh, another three years."

"What puzzles me is—Where is the paper shortage?"

"We keep a gramophone in the basement now."

"No one is more willing than I am to do something."

"It's the children's festival—that's what I always say."

## Sweetness and Light.

O MATTHEW ARNOLD! you were right: We need more Sweetness and more Light;

For till we break the brutal foe Our sugar's short, our lights are low.



USING PETROL FOR PLEASURE.  
JOY-RIDERS CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

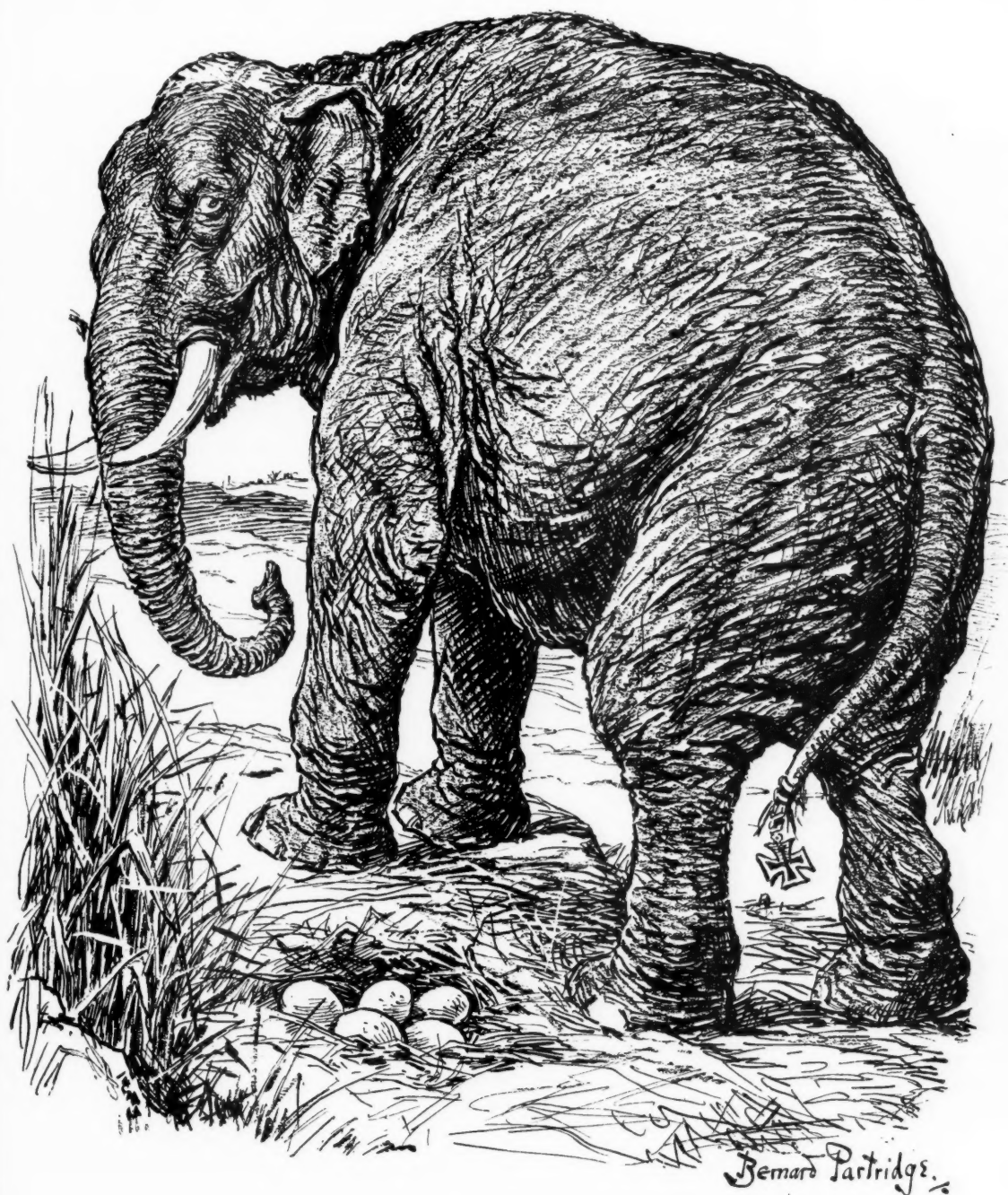
for us if he turned out to be a Jabez Balfour in disguise. Still, nearly all investment is a gamble, and we can only hope for the best. He must have some peculiar position or the papers would not support his venture as they do; and there is even a campaign of public speakers through the country, I am told, taking his prospectus as their text and literally imploring the people to invest. Quite like the South Sea Bubble we read of in Macaulay; but please heaven it won't turn out to be another.

I asked the landlady here about it, but she knew nothing, except that her family could not afford to put anything in. "But your daughters earn very good money," I said. "That's true," she replied, "but all that they have over after their clothes, poor girls, they spend on the theatre or the pictures; and I'm glad to think they can do so. I wouldn't grudge them their pleasures, not I."

Judging by the crowded state of all the myriad places of entertainment in this city there are millions who are like

OCTOBER 4, 1939.]

PUNCH AND THE GREAT WAR.



### THE CHAMPION OF THE SMALLER NATIONS.

IMPERIAL PACHYDERM. "OUR HEART GOES OUT TO THESE POOR LITTLE UNPROTECTED EGGS. THEY WANT MOTHERING. WE WILL SIT ON THEM." [Does so.]

[With Mr. Punch's apologies to a noble animal.]





## IN DARKEST LONDON.

"DROPPED ANYTHING?"

"No."

"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR THEN?"

"LEICESTER SQUARE."

## THE LITTLE THINGS.

I USED to be a peaceful chap as didn't ask for trouble,  
 An' as for rows an' fightin', why, I'd mostly rather not,  
 But now I'd charge an army single-'anded at the  
 double,  
 An' it's all along o' little things I've learned to feel  
 so 'ot.

It's 'orrid seein' burnin' farms, which I 'ave often seen  
 'ere,  
 An' fields all stinks an' shell-'oles, an' the dead among  
 the flowers,  
 But the thing I've 'ated seein' all the bloomin' time I've  
 been 'ere  
 Is the little gardens rooted up—the same as might be  
 ours.

It's bad to see the chattos—which means castles—gone to  
 ruins,  
 And big cathedrals knocked to bits as used to look that  
 fine,  
 But what puts me in a paddy more than all them sort o'  
 doin's  
 Is the little 'ouses all in 'eaps—the same as might be mine.

An' when the what's-it line is bust an' we go rompin'  
 through it,  
 An' knock the lid off Potsdam an' the Kayser off 'is  
 throne,  
 Why, what'll get our monkey up an' give us 'eart to do it?  
 Just thinkin' o' them little things as might 'ave been  
 our own  
 (An' most of all, the little kids as might 'ave been our  
 own!)

C. F. S.





*Gentleman Farmer.* "I'VE GOT RATHER A LOT OF MEAT AT HOME. I THOUGHT I'D BETTER REPORT IT—A WHOLE SHEEP, IN FACT. YOU SEE, I KILL MY OWN SHEEP."

*Clerk to Local Food Control.* "BUT THAT WON'T DO. I SHALL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS. YOU MUSTN'T KILL A WHOLE SHEEP ALL AT ONCE."

### THE Q-BOAT.

She's the plaything of the Navy, she's the nightmare of the Hun,

She's the wonder and the terror of the seas,  
She's a super-censored secret that eludes the prying sun  
And the unofficial wireless of the breeze;

She can come and go unseen  
By the foredoomed submarine;  
She's the Mystery-Ship, the Q-Boat, if you please.

She can weave a web of magic for the unsuspecting foe,  
She can scent the breath of Kultur leagues away,  
She can hear a U-Boat thinking in Atlantic depths below

And disintegrate it with a Martian ray;  
She can feel her way by night  
Through the minefield of the Bight;  
She has all the tricks of science, grave and gay.

In the twinkle of a searchlight she can suffer a sea-change

From a collier to a *Shamrock* under sail,  
From a Hyper-super-Dreadnought, old *Leviathan* at range,  
To a lightship or a whaler or a whale;

With some canvas and a spar  
She can mock the morning star  
As a haystack or the flotsam of a gale.

She's the derelict you chartered North of Flores outward-bound,

She's the iceberg that you sighted coming back,  
She's the salt-rimed Biscay trawler heeling home to Plymouth Sound,  
She's the phantom-ship that crossed the moon-beams' track;

She's the rock where none should be  
In the Adriatic Sea,  
She's the wisp of fog that haunts the Skagerrack.

She can dive in twenty seconds, she can lie submerged for weeks,

She can burrow in the shingle or the sand,  
She can scale the rocky foreshore, she can thread the mazy creeks,

She can waddle like a Tank along the strand;  
She can spread a pair of planes,  
If necessity obtains,  
And cruise aloft at watch o'er sea and land.

IF—

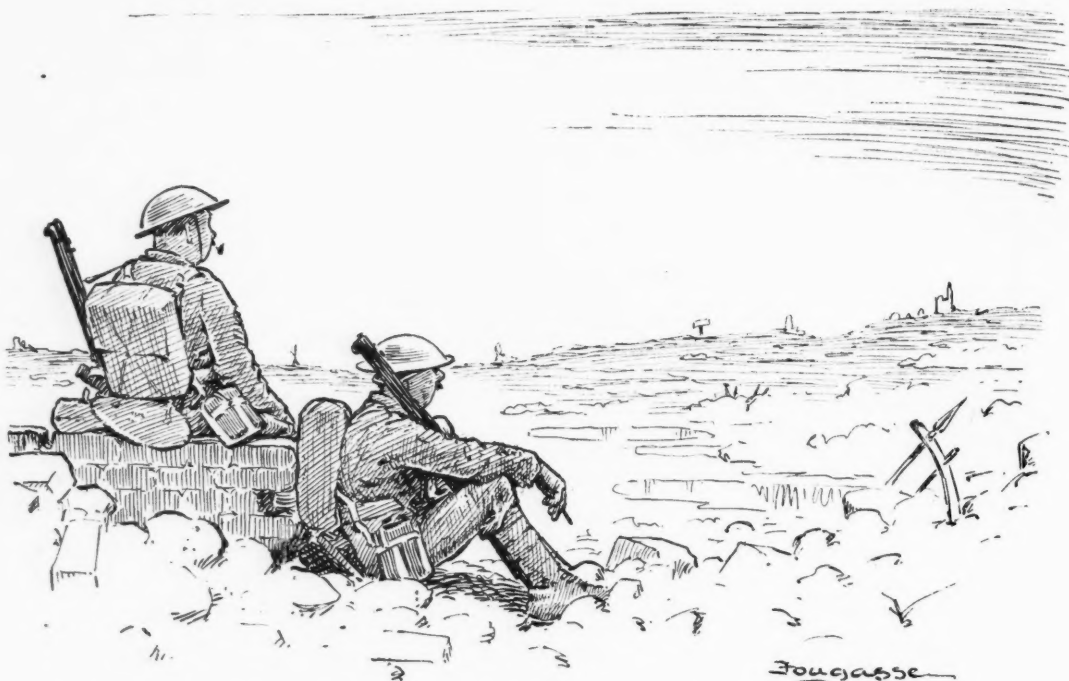
TO A FRIEND IN FRANCE.

If you were East of Suez and there  
wasn't any war  
We would pack the tents and guns and  
take the road  
Where the forest ways go winding  
And the game is all for finding  
And the gods of Happy Hunting keep  
abode;  
We should see the noonday shimmer,

We should see the moonlight  
glimmer,  
With the sambhur and the tiger and  
the gaur;  
And the sun and wind and rain  
Should be comrades once again—  
If you were East of Suez and there  
wasn't any war.

If I was home from India and you  
were home from France  
We should seek a bit of country that I  
know,

Where there's always walking  
weather  
And the wind along the heather  
And the curlews calling set the heart  
aglow;  
Mid the bigger hills and broader, out  
the bonny road to Lauder,  
With the Pentlands like an army in  
advance,  
Oh! the hawthorn and the gorse  
By Caerketton and Glencorse—  
If I was home from India and you  
were home from France.



*First Contemptible.* "D'YOU REMEMBER HALTING HERE ON THE RETREAT, GEORGE?"

*Second ditto.* "CAN'T CALL IT TO MIND, SOMEHOW. WAS IT THAT LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE WOOD THERE DOWN BY THE RIVER, OR WAS IT THAT PLACE WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND ALL THEM FACTORIES?"

CHLOE.

*(The awful effect of four years' active  
service on a Poet.)*

ACCEPT this indent, Sweet, from me—  
That all the blessings thou hast  
earned  
The gods may give (addressed to thee,  
Repeated unto all concerned).

Soft as the violet new-unfurled  
Thine eyes with gentle kindness  
speak,  
And all the roses of the world  
Report for duty on thy cheek.

At eventime, when lights are low,  
I dream I press with lips that burn  
A thousand kisses on thy brow  
(For information, and return).

And in the morning e'er I rise  
The image of my Best Beloved  
That floats before my waking eyes  
Is duly noted and approved.

\* \* \* \* \*

These lines, which tell in accents true  
The hopes that warm, the fears that  
freeze,  
My lovelorn heart, are passed to you  
For necessary action, please.

REFLECTION.

If Bosches laughed and Huns were  
gents  
They'd own their share of Con-  
tinents;  
There'd be no fuss, and, what is  
more,  
There wouldn't even be a war.  
Whereas the end of all this tosh  
Can only be there'll be no Bosch.  
But then I doubt if anyone  
Will mind that much, except the  
Hun.

OCTOBER 4, 1939.]

PUNCH AND THE GREAT WAR.



THE SANDS RUN OUT.





J.H. DOWD. 18

Reverber. "SAY, MATE, YER HAT'S ON STRAIGHT!"

## WAY OUT.

*(Thoughts on leaving the Crystal Palace.)*

A BRIGADIER or two beside the portal  
To cry to me with anguish half disguised,  
"Hail and farewell, O brother! pomp is mortal"—

Something, I fancied, something of this sort'll  
Happen to me when I'm demobilised.

That was an error. Not a drum was sounded;  
No personage, no panoply, no pep;  
Only a single private who expounded  
My pathway out, and I went forth dumbfounded;  
Merely remembering to mind the step.

Nothing spectacular and nothing solemn;  
No company of men that I might drill,  
And either tick 'em off or else extol 'em  
And give 'em "Facing left, advance in column,"  
And leave 'em marching, marching onwards till

They butted into something. Never a blooming  
Ultimate kit-inspection as I passed,  
Nor sound of Sergeant-majors' voices booming,  
Nor weary stance while *aides-de-camp* were fuming,  
Not even a practice fire-drill at the last.

And that's the end. To-morrow I'll awaken  
To meet a world of doubtfulness and gloom,

By orders and by Adjutants forsaken,  
And none to tell what action should be taken,  
If any, through what channels, and by whom.

But dreams remain amidst the new disaster:  
There shall be visions when the firelight burns—  
Squads of recruits for ever doubling faster,  
Fresh clothing-issues from the Quartermaster  
And audit boards and absentee returns.

I shall forget awhile civilian fashions  
And watch the P.T. merchants on the square,  
And polish tins and soothe the Colonel's passions,  
And mount the guard and go and see the rations  
And bid departed days be "as you were."

And souvenirs! I know there are a number  
Who stuff their homes with memories of dread;  
The ancient hat-stand in the hall encumber  
With *Pickelhaubes* and delight to slumber  
With heaps of nasty nose-caps round their bed.

Not I, the bard. When delicately suited  
I move again amid the *mufti* swarms,  
Since trophies from the Front may be disputed,  
I'll flaunt the only spoils that I have looted,  
My little library of Army forms. EVOE.

## Impressions of Parliament

Tuesday, September 26th.—India's response has been magnificent. Lord ZETLAND told the Upper House this afternoon how already the Government had received overwhelmingly generous offers of men, money and personal service from the Princes, and how the Prime Ministers of the Punjab and Bengal had offered unconditional aid.



"THE RULER OF THE KING'S NAVEE"

"When at anchor here I ride,  
My bosom swells with pride  
And I snap my fingers at the Fuehrer's taunts!"  
"H.M.S. Pinafore" up-to-date.

The Nazis had been completely condemned by all the political parties in India. The only thing which rather spoilt this warming picture was the attitude of Congress, which was out to make a deal; so far the terms proposed were too abstract for official comment.

Everyone is sorry for Lord MACMILLAN, who has taken on the thankless task of putting some order into that singularly amorphous body, the Ministry of Information. He explained to the Lords that the Ministry was not a news-gatherer but an organ of distribution, and that he was doing his best to extract more definite information from the Service Departments, though this process was often made very difficult by the obvious clash between essential secrecy on the one hand and the importance on the other of giving the people the news. The censorship exercised by the Ministry was entirely voluntary; the publicity

department was actively engaged in counteracting misinformation abroad, where there could be no better propaganda than the British Blue Book. As regards America, the Ministry considered it as distinct from other countries in needing no propaganda. (In Mr. P.'s R.'s humble opinion, there could be no greater mistake. This country has sadly neglected the vital problem of providing Americans with opportunities for hearing the British point of view put over with authority; and at whatever cost in money first-class speakers whose reputations are above suspicion should now be sent across the Atlantic).

In the Commons Sir EDWARD GRIGG, the new Parliamentary Secretary to the same Ministry, whose appointment has also been an occasion for sympathy, disclosed the exquisite piece of information that 999, that symbol of alarm and despondency, was the number of the Ministry's staff, and that of this impressive total only forty-three were journalists. Sir EDWARD admitted, in a phrase of significance, that "the situation required investigation." Without being unkind, there appears to have been an appalling concentration of minor officialdom. Derisive cries of "Sack the lot" seemed to represent the feeling of the Commons.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's further survey of the war began with the satisfactory news that the second meeting of the Supreme War Council, held on this side on September 22nd, had once again shown the aims of Britain and France to be identical. He described how Russian action in Poland had broken down Polish resistance to the Nazi invaders, but made no comment; how the French were making progress; how the volume of our supplies from the Dominions was constantly increasing; how our new Ministry of

Economic Warfare was efficiently engaged in throwing sand into Germany's industries; how the absurdity of the suggestion made in German propaganda that our inclusion of food in our list of contraband was inhumane could readily be seen by comparison with a land siege, where food was naturally not allowed to the beleaguered garrison; and how the Government were taking steps to ensure the full consultation of the trades unions in questions of supply.



A MEAGRE RATION  
LORD MACMILLAN

Afterwards Mr. CHURCHILL delighted the House with its most rousing speech of the war. He told Members that in the first fortnight of the war something between a quarter and a third of Germany's active submarine fleet had been knocked out. The convoy system was now in full operation, and merchant vessels were being rapidly armed and supplied with trained gunners; but, still more important, U-boats were being hunted with relentless vigour and amazing accuracy. He described how unlucky the *Courageous* had been to meet an enemy submarine at the moment when she swung into the wind at dusk to receive her homing machines, and declared that so thorough had been our confiscation of German contraband that we had bigger supplies in the country than we should have had if there had been no war and no U-boat campaign! Some U-boat commanders had behaved splendidly, some contemptibly, and a point to be remembered was that Germany had very few of them who were really experienced



"HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO THE CHANCELLOR!"

Lady Astor expresses her warm approval of the War Budget.



"That should baffle 'em, Mr. Parkins!"

men. Large-scale production in this country of simple, quickly-built ships was already in full swing. A most heartening speech, delivered with a force and humour too often lacking on the Front Bench, was made even more dramatic by Mr. CHURCHILL's reminder of how he had had to tackle the same problems a quarter of a century ago.

Wednesday, September 27th.—When the Lords met they regretted the Government's decision not to allow boys under sixteen to join up for national service, but Lord DE LA WARR remained firm. Later Lord ADDISON made the rather positive suggestion that those who had designed the Ministry of Supply would do well to go away and play at marbles.

During Questions, Mr. CHURCHILL made two important announcements in the Commons, that the *Bremen* was believed to be lying in a North Russian harbour, and that the German report of sinking another British aircraft-carrier in the North Sea and maiming a battleship was sheer nonsense. In fact an air attack had been made on a British capital squadron, and in fact the only

victims had been two German flying-boats, one of which had been shot down and one badly damaged.

*Après ça, le deluge.* Perhaps the most humane way in which Sir JOHN SIMON'S War Budget can be described is in a strictly tabloid form, leaving all comment to Mr. P.'s readers them-

selves, to whose lips the appropriate phrases will spring unaided. Here are the bones of this most unpleasant but presumably necessary measure, which does nothing to fan our affection for the pop-eyed lance-corporal over the way:—

Income-tax raised from 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., but to operate at 7s. for the current year.

Reduced allowances for Income-tax. Surtax raised on a sliding-scale.

Estate-duty increased by 10% between £10,000 and £50,000, and surcharge on estates over £50,000 increased to 20%.

Excess Profits Tax of 60% instead of A.P.D.

Whisky to cost 1s. 3d. more per bottle, beer 1d. per pint, sugar 1d. per pound, tobacco 2s. per pound.

Those of our readers whose unearned incomes hit the deck at £150,000 will be comforted to hear that in future all they will have to pay will be 16s. 5½d. in the pound.

Slightly anaesthetised by the weight of the CHANCELLOR'S punch, the House accepted his proposals with remarkable fortitude.



#### OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

Mr. J. WESTWOOD's is this open face. Stirling (with Falkirk) is the lucky place.

## Heard on the Wireless

**A**TENTION! you Englishmen. I am Mr. Murphy, a Scotchman of old family from the town of Glencoe. I am in Berlin, and I wish to you of the conditions here to speak and the lies of the dirty lying papers of your country to the avenue to nail. Here I am well-lardered and very happy. My German hosts say, 'Paddy, take more butter, I pray you.' But I say, 'I can eat no more.'

"I know that the Norman women of London as well as the Jews have for years eaten butter so little that many are in weight less.

"Here is an English Avion. It carries the foolish letters of your Duff Cooper. Listen! A gunner will a Nazi shell fire—now—now, *Dummkopf!*—(*Bang*). Yes, one shot and it falls. That is the number sixty that has to-day fallen. Why has he the paper but no bombs? Ha! Ha! We Scotchmen that are here—we know. You have no bombs. I tell to you that when the Germans land at Killiecrankie they for us will our defeat at that place avenge! The Reich knows, though you do not, that no Scotchman will fight for Britain, and that those in England, all of them in great positions, have fled to their homes—to their dear old homes of Wigan, Inchcape Rock or the great fortress of the rebels at the Saint Andrew, where our kings so often crowned were.

"Tremble, English! *Ach!* we will have pity on you, and the good Germans also will teach you to gain happiness. They will plunder or oppress you? No! They will leave you all you have but for your possessions if you are obedient. But to those that rebel they will our—their Leader's fatherly and loving justice pour.

"Now we hear our old song by our great poet, Robert Burns—

*'I love a lassie  
A bonny Highland Lassie.'*

Now that is of the old days when Scotchmen were free and you English had not made them by force into the managers of your banks, and made them money on the counter to give. And to you proud women of titles, from Leicester to Charing Square, I am sorry but I laugh, ho! ho! because you eat no butter. To you men I say that your so-called Reich deceives you. Your Winston is an Aryan and in his good cleverness has sent his submarines the English ships to shoot. That is true. Six of his big warships are at Kiel to-day. You did not know of the surrender? *Nein—Ach!* No!

"Listen, my countrymen. You know well that I am of you and I speak to you also as to the English. Soon our German friends will be with you and you will see the Leader and Goering walk in the Sauchiehall Street of Edinburgh in the kilts and the Athol Brose. Not yet is our Goering fitted for this but he will himself slim. Then will we Scotchmen raise our right arms in our salute and in hotel or b-b-b—*Ach!* the bar, cry, 'Hail to the Leader, there's more in his sporran than ever went into the till!' You of my race know so well those words—they are in your hearts. He has seven eagle-feathers in his sporran, and he will take it off in his politeness to all daft kilted lassies in George Street or

Corstorphine Road. Hail! Bonny Scotland! We will now have the gramophone—The 'Old Lang Syne' . . . *Los . . . Schwein!* . . ."

### Cri de Cœur

"Married couple want change."  
Advt. in "The Times."

### Animated Scene

"Here while the King shook hands with red-capped staff, officers, cows, calves, and pigs wandered about the field behind the troops on parade, and nosed the divisional flagpole in the centre of the field."

West-Country Paper.



"Sorry, it dates from when I was in a Golf Ballet!"





## At the Music-Hall

"GAJETÉS DE MONTMARTRE" (PRINCE OF WALES)

I NEARLY wrote "nudités de Montmartre." Exhaustion in war, as in big business, is supposed to find an antidote in a greater degree of exposure on the other side of the footlights. This is the first of the "leg"-shows with which I suppose we shall be inundated until the very thought of the female form makes us turn away and shudder. The individual turns here average out to about the second class, but if legs and a good deal more are what are wanted, they are here in quantity and in shapes to which there can be no aesthetic objection.

This pioneer war programme runs from noon till six. Its most highly sugared plum is Mr. GILLIE POTTER, who appears twice in his peculiar

uniform deriving partly from Harrow and partly from Borstal, and gives generously of his resources. I confess I have never been in the front rank of the army of his fans, but on this occasion his performances made me think quite differently about him. His stuff seemed funnier, but what impressed me most was the way he used the audience against themselves, picking with deadly skill on the right victims and flooding them with verbal limelight. This slowed things up in a way which would be dangerous if he didn't know exactly what he was doing; but he did, and the result was the creation of a family atmosphere in which his listeners glowed pleasantly and half hoped, half feared, that they would be the next target for one of his uncomfortable questions.

He read a report from his brother at Hogsnorton, where life is still rude and unrepentant, and told us much that was new to me about the characteristics of the orchestra. This unveiling of their inmost heart the musicians accepted most kindly; perhaps, as he explained, because they were chained to their instruments.

CARL CARLISLE gave some clever imitations of stage and screen stars. There are so many imitators now who stagger one by their chameleon skill that as a group they must expect stern judgment; but I thought his GORDON HARKER was out of the very top compartment. It was so good that although his face bears not the faintest resemblance to that of the well-known constable it began to change subtly, reshaped by the uncanny suggestion of his voice. RALPH RICHARDSON's drunk speech in *The Citadel* he reproduced well, and his ROBERTSON HARE was also lifelike. ARLISS has already been parodied too much.

are a French couple who cannot have considered the unsuitability of their name for use in London. First of all they came on as dancing clowns, and then as strong men whose papier mâché muscles swelled horribly as they lifted enormous weights. Their turn is very simple but marked by distinct originality of movement. In other words, they are funny.

I have written before about ERIKSON, a young conjurer of promise. Far be it from me, who am incapable of palming an ant to the satisfaction of an infant-in-arms, to take a high line about sleight-of-hand, but I thought some of his numbers were a little too much out of the old hat. Not so, however, his transformation of a piece of crumpled cigarette-paper into an egg, a trick which is likely to stand him in good stead in the difficult times



THE SQUIRE OF HOGSNORTON  
MR. GILLIE POTTER



ECCENTRIC DANCE BY MR. JOHN RISCOE

BOOD ET BOOD pleased me. They

ahead. He kept the twist of paper in the air by hitting it with a black fan, and gradually its shape changed until it became a solid oval. He then cracked it beyond a shadow of doubt into a cup. Will the critic of *The Poultry World and Buff Orpington Examiner* please go at once and check up on this rather devilish manoeuvre?

NEWMAN and WHEELER are big men with strongly heaving chests, who slung their team-mate, YVONNE, about in a most inconsiderate manner. Why she didn't break in bits I cannot say. They did it gracefully and her balance was marvellous, but I am constitutionally against the kind of turn whose chief attraction lies in the uneasy question: "Will they drop her?"

JOHNNIE RISCOE is quite a good eccentric dancer who goes in for dumb shows, DENIS VANE is an acrobatic dancer who goes in for phosphorescent bareness, and the BOSWELL TWINS are what are called "tassel-dancers." What this means is that tassels depend from them in three places, but whether for warmth or modesty is difficult to determine in this programme. Their mission seems to be to demonstrate the same Yoga stomach-exercises which I have been doing myself before breakfast for a long time now. But I do mine in my bedroom.

ERIC.

## L'Amitié à l'Ombre

HE has a cheery manner, my friend the stranger of the dark, and though it has never been my luck to see him, I seem to know him. He is undoubtedly a handy man, useful at window curtains, an efficient at gloom, but possessed of a twinkling spirit, and what is more, in addition to a glowing cigarette tip, he has a dog who is also a friendly fellow, busy with a tongue and who can rub hard and firm, and who also can make light (not illegal light of the sort calculated to worry the warden) of passing difficulties.

Our first meeting was odd; it was when we both apologised to a select company of sandbags in a corner. The sandbags of course could not give way, being on official duty. My unknown friend has a garden, he tells me, and his runner-beans have done well, but he has not seen them for weeks. He is a man of parts, deep in history, and in our few hurried chats—once in a bus, where I nearly, but not quite, caught his silhouette, for the impenetrability was baffling—he dived

into what might have happened to Poland if only the Valois Prince, who was brother-in-law to Mary, Queen of Scots, and had started work as King of Poland, had stuck to his job. Unluckily, this experimental King of Poland found the country dull and fled back to Paris one dark night, and though the Poles chased after him, their persuasions proved unavailing. This fellow might have established a good thing, but, alas! he was only a shadow king at best, like my friend of the shades. I hope to meet the latter many times. He strikes me as being a dreamy enthusiast, which is all to the good: a fugitive from the obvious, which is better. As for —, no, he has never even breathed the man's name.

o o

## It's a Queer War

WE have been waiting since midnight for the raiders. Every night we have been waiting since midnight. Already we have been at it for three hours and hardly a sound has disturbed our waiting. Here in the brilliantly-lit interior of the A.R.P. Control Centre we sit and watch that blackboard with its listing of ambulances, fire engines, stretcher-parties, decontamination squads.

Now and then someone opens a fitful conversation—something about being a funny war with leaflets being dropped instead of bombs. The conversation dies away. Someone else thinks it would be an idea to have a cup of tea. We have it. You can hear the click of knitting-needles from the women in the next room. From the two sleeping figures on their camp beds come queer animal noises. A car has just purred through the sleeping village outside. It's a peace more tranquil than peace.

Suddenly the place is split with the ring of a phone-bell. Everybody wakes up into instant action. Gas-masks are at the ready. Have they come at last? A messenger rushes in. Hastily scanning those vital words the Controller moves quickly to the blackboard. He seizes a pin and moves it one space to the left, and the whole nerve centre knows that number three stretcher-party in area four has gone off to bed.

C. D. N.

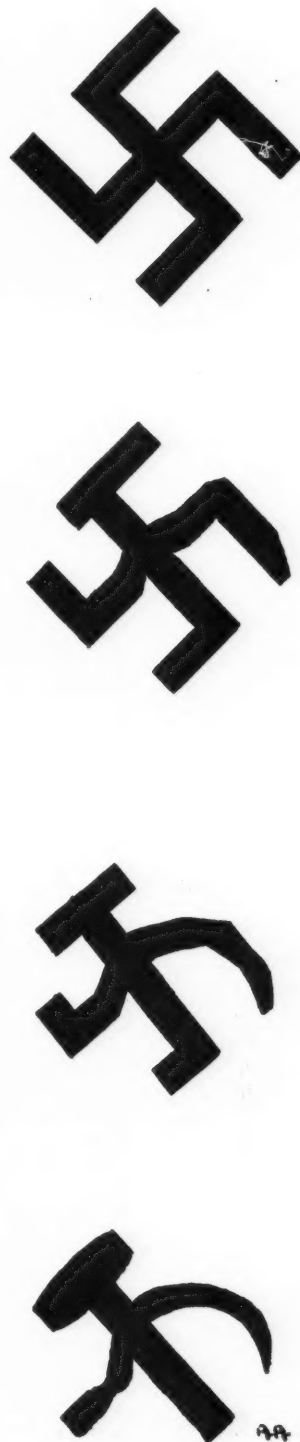
o o

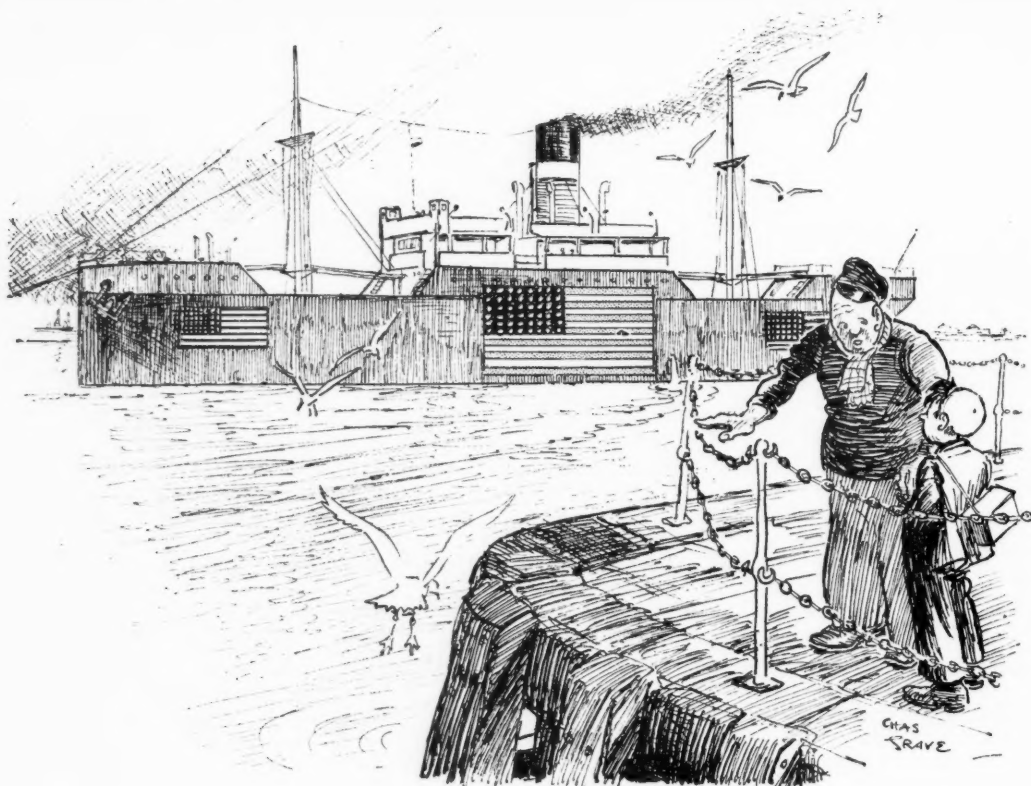
## Light Cruisers

"He said there was a gale blowing at the time. He sighted two British warships and an aeroplane circling overhead."

Daily Paper.

TRANSITION, 1939





"She's American, Sammy. You can tell 'er by 'er flat deck."

## Loam and Behold

"THE Good Earth!" said Mr. Brunbsy with relish, and began to dig. His professional companion, Sam Wilkins, gardener, grave-digger, and odd-job-man, laughed loudly. He was a great laughter and, besides, he knew about this particular earth.

Mr. Brunbsy was breaking up grass-land. He understood that his Government wished him to break up grass-land and, being a good citizen, he was resolved to leave no turf unturned until Hitlerism, like his grass-land, was utterly broken up. So here he was, spade in hand and with a wild light in his eye. He was not attacking grass-land on the grand scale with a motor-tractor, like a Russian in a film. He only wished he were. He was doing it Britishly, on a small scale, with a spade, a fork, aches, pains and Sam Wilkins.

Mr. Brunbsy had been very much pleased with his grass-land. The Paddock he called it in company, rather as

if he were at Ascot. The plot in question is, in fact, a small patch of long rank grass and thistles, surrounded by four rows of straggly, prickly and repulsive hedge. Every June a neighbouring farmer has to be cajoled into cutting and removing the curious crop which the Paddock produces. If, with patriotic pains, Mr. Brunbsy now repents the acquisition of this demesne, his friends may smile. He only bought it to keep other people out. Mr. Brunbsy is one of those extremely public-spirited people who, having built a house in a pleasant place, believe that all is lost if the public can share that pleasantness in any form. "The view is superb," he says; "it must be preserved. We owe it to the nation." So, in an ecstasy of communal devotion, he has paid up handsomely for land which he does not want simply to keep the commons out of it.

Mr. Brunbsy drove his spade into the grass. It did not seem to penetrate.

He drove again. Once more it stuck six inches below the surface.

"Odd," said Mr. Brunbsy.

Sam forced in his own fork and, after a couple of minutes of skilled manipulation, produced a gigantic yellow tube which resembled the fossilised wind-pipe of a mastodon.

"Hog-weed," said Sam, and burst into his habitual roar of laughter. "Astonishing what you find in the earth. If you had been a grave-digger you'd know. Soil's full of queer tack. Now you're on to something."

Mr. Brunbsy was indeed on to something. He was forcing his spade against what seemed to be the roof-tree of a buried house. Or was it one of those Viking ships which he had been reading about? Gallantly he pushed the metal down. The result was deadlock. Determined not to have to appeal to Sam again, he hurled himself upon his spade and strove.

"That will be a root of your oak

tree," said Sam. "Astonishing how their roots spread." Whereupon he yanked up with a neat twist a log sufficient to sustain a Yule-tide furnace.

Mr. Brunsby scratched a head already damp. "Is this what they call virgin soil?" he inquired, looking wearily at Sam.

Sam, being in his spare time a grave-digger, should have looked a character-part. He should have resembled Sir Cedric Hardwicke in one of his most gnarled and senile rôles, or said "Argal" at intervals and called for a stoop of liquor. As a matter of fact he looked young and smooth, counted his beer in pints and, when in debate, used cruder words than "Argal."

Confronted with this question of virginity in soil he tactfully replied, "You can call this piece what funny names you like. I call it bits and pieces. Muck, if you know what I mean."

Mr. Brunsby heaved away conscientiously with his spade. "I thought it was loam," he said sadly.

He had always loved the word loam. He had craved to be an owner of loam. It sounded so rich. It suggested all the things you read about in poetry at school, words like foison and tilth. It occurred in all the fine earthy songs favoured by baritones in evening-dress whose pastoral and bucolic boomings punctuated after-dinner speeches. It rhymed with "roam" and "home." Surely it was this same fruitful loam that underlay his grass-land. It must be loam that you broke up and so prepared for all the luscious food-crops with which you won a war. Bits and pieces indeed! Muck!

Mr. Brunsby was not to be deflected; loam he would somehow discover; he dug again. First he encountered the roots from briars in the hedge; next he hit a stone, and then a tin-can which had been tossed into the Paddock and had somehow become embedded in the soil. Then there was more of that fossilised wind-pipe. Then came bindweed, couch, and a series of subterranean ropes, cords, sinews, cables and vegetable bondage of all kinds. Sam, who appeared to find it all extremely amusing, had names for all these specimens of what the Good Earth has

in store for pioneers. Mr. Brunsby, wrenching and heaving at the obstacles to progress, wondered tacitly why the epithet "weedy" was applied to weak, feeble and easily uprooted people.

After an hour he had begun to realise the full meaning of the phrase "A raw hand." And there seemed so little done! In an hour and a quarter he had developed every symptom of the occupational diseases proper to those who break up grass-land—Farm-Labourer's Back, Navy's Knee and Trench-Digger's Coma. He could no more. He reflected—for he had his literary side—that the correct name for Virgin Soil should be Iron Maiden. But it was no good trying that on Sam.

"Sam," he said at last, "I'm not feeling quite fit to-day. Will you carry on?"

Sam agreed. After all, he was paid to do so. Muck! Bits and pieces! Grave-diggers don't care.

Mr. Brunsby limped indoors. He didn't altogether like facing his wife, to whom he had been so sanguine about the pleasure as well as the profit and the patriotism of breaking up grass-land. He had expected to clear yards of ground in an hour or so, to see the Good Earth lying brown and soft and fertile in neatly hoed and level plenty. What had he to show but a heap of roots and weeds? Oh, well, Sam would manage it.

His wife asked how he felt and he answered "Splendid!" He turned on the wireless. The news was over and a manly voice rang out to a hearty tune:

*"It's the good old English loam  
That makes me dream of home."*

"You'll break the whole machine if you snap it off in that savage way," said Mrs. Brunsby. I. B.

## Reservists

WHAT'S the matter, what's the matter

In the Quartermaster's Store,  
What's the coarse and cheery chatter  
Like the gulls on Carrick Shore?

Oh, it's each man has to find him  
Rifle, mess-tin, boots and pack,

And there's hundreds more behind him:  
The Reservists coming back!

Still they come and do not tarry,  
Morning, evening, still they come;  
There's a ferryman from Garry,  
There's a fisherman from Rum;  
Still they come in any order,  
Faces strange and faces ken:  
There's a shepherd from the Border,  
There's a grocer from Tranent.

There are stalkers down from Athole,  
There are gillies from Kintyre,  
There are collier-lads from Methil,  
There are crofters from Strathyre,  
And there's many a cheery body  
From the towns along the sea—  
Men of Cu'ross and Kirkcaldy  
And Dunfermline and Dundee.

There are some St. Andrews caddies,  
There are some are out of work,  
There's a wheen of Glasgow Paddies  
That were never in a kirk;  
Though my memory's appalling  
I can mind them all the same  
As I watch them come, recalling  
Every long-forgotten name.

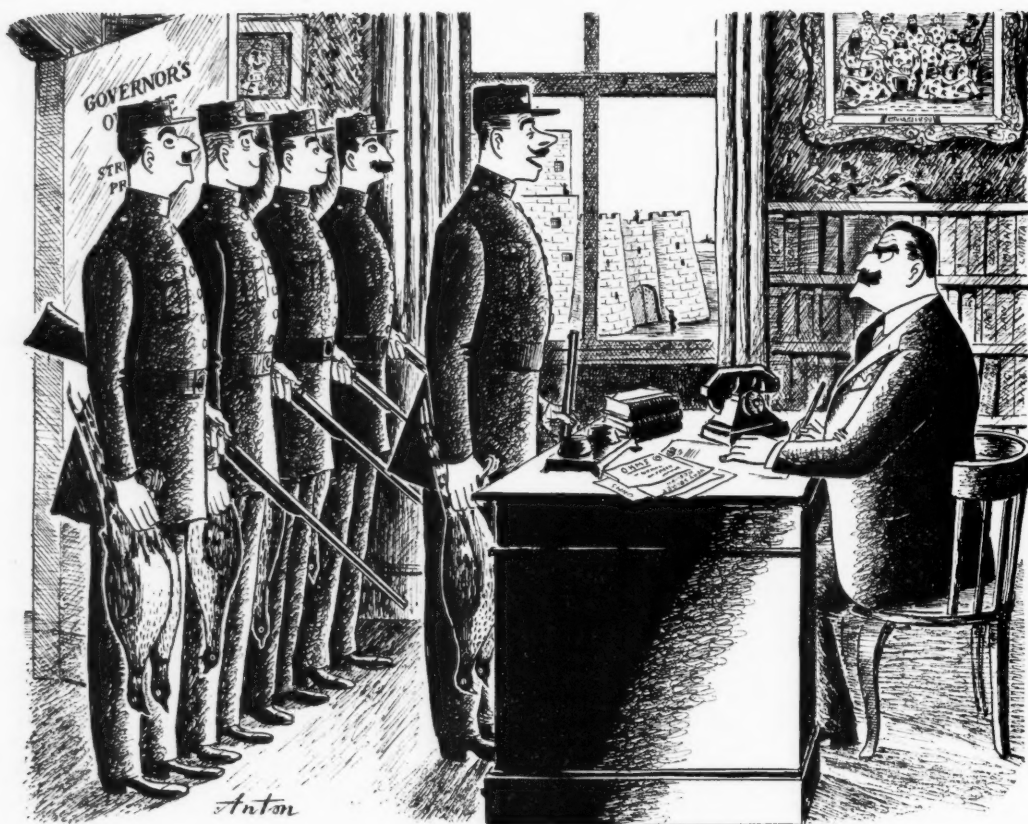
For they come, and on a sudden  
Every fibre of me throbs  
With the memories of Buddon  
And of Barry and of Stobs—  
All the camps and all the training,  
And the laughter round the line,  
Maryhill for ever raining,  
And the dust of Palestine.

They have drawn their goods and  
chattels,  
They are marching to the war,  
To the billets and the battles  
That their fathers knew before,  
And their tongues will all be dinning,  
In the manner of their kind,  
Reminiscences beginning,  
"Do ye mind, Sir? Do ye mind?"

I can hear what they are saying,  
I can see them every man,  
I can hear the pipers playing  
"Highland Laddie" in the van;  
They were never there about me  
In the Quartermaster's Store:  
They are marching off without me  
To the war, to the war.







"... but of the escaped prisoner, Sir, we saw nothing."

### Pastures New

**T**HERE'LL be nothing to do to-day," says the chief's voice, coming to us along the passage in a brisk crescendo, "because I didn't get the change-of-address cards off till Friday."

The crescendo culminates in a splendid percussion effect as he enters the drawing-room. "Who put that confounded thing there?" he asks in mild resentment as he steps out of the hired typewriter and places a large and grotesquely-shaped parcel on the table. Henry and I, who have only just arrived, do not even hazard a guess. Happily the matter is at once forgotten, for the chief is full of an injustice done him by his garage-proprietor and is hungry for sympathy.

It appears that the chief's hooter has just given an air-raid warning in St. Botolph Street. The chief was himself deceived and was on the way to take cover according to the regulations laid down when he became aware of the source of the alarm. Acting instantly, he returned to his car, threw up the bonnet and after some minutes' indiscriminate wrenching succeeded in restoring silence and allaying the apprehensions of the many pedestrians who were already running into the houses of complete strangers, fumbling at their cardboard boxes. The two policemen and four

air-raid wardens who were attracted to the spot by the prolonged warbling note (parenthetically attributed by the chief to an unevenly-charged battery) offered neither advice nor assistance, not even troubling to point out that the continued running of the engine was responsible for the series of stimulating electric shocks up the chief's arm.

By way of additional annoyance one of the chief's gloves has disappeared in the confusion, his theory being that it was looted by one of the ruder wardens, for although the chief has all but dismantled his car at a busy cross-roads and twice returned to the scene of the mishap in an effort to find it, he has met with no success.

We express regret at his misfortune and his bereavement, and it is only when he turns to the door and embarks upon a discussion with himself as to whether that is the telephone or the door-bell, finally deciding that it is the dining-room clock, that Henry and I perceive him to be wearing a pigskin glove curled round the back of his hat-brim. It is not possible to gain his attention at once as he has launched into the story of a peculiar smell which awakened him twice during the night and which, by crawling about on all-fours and sniffing systematically, was ultimately traced to a faulty stove-pipe passing under the floor of his bedroom.

Presently, however, we take advantage of his pause for breath to point it out to him.

He barely thanks us, but we do not mind this as we see that he is planning to unwrap the grotesquely-shaped parcel, which has intrigued us ever since he brought it in. Remarking that it is a very hot day and his drawing-room is very small, he goes on to say that he thinks it is an investment which can justly be charged to office expenses and, severing the string in five or six places with the back of a handy fruit-knife, he tears away the brown paper to reveal a large chromium-plated electric fan.

Although it is late September with a cool breeze blowing off the sea, and our new office is situated so as to evade the sun's rays at all hours of the day, Henry and I express our appreciation of his forethought and follow him at a safe distance to the corner of the room. He is undismayed by the discovery that there are only two holes in which to place a three-legged plug, and presently lays the contraption down against the bookcase with an instruction to one of us—we do not gather which—to buy an adaptor when we go to the post office. The bookcase, he reminds us, is the one over which he was swindled by the man in Golden Lane. We recall the correspondence.

After a brief description of a painful experience that morning with a new electric toaster, turning up a cuff to show us the burns but turning it down again before we can get near enough to see, the chief hurries energetically from the room, to return almost immediately bearing an adding-machine, about fifty rolls of cellophane and a small bag of peppermints. Allowing the cellophane to fall on to the table whence it bounces stiffly to the floor with a hollow pizzicato note, he drops the adding-machine beside the hired typewriter from a height of eighteen inches and hands the peppermints briskly round, at the same time trying on several pairs of spectacles and beginning to outline his plans.

"As I was saying," he says, straightening the pictures over the mantelpiece and suddenly turning to thrust a yard-stick into Henry's hand, "I'll mix the paste and you two can start cutting up the paper." He whirls round and looks out of the window. "I thought so!" he exclaims. "There's that Captain Who-is-it, trying to see what we are up to!" We follow his gaze to the windows of the house opposite but can see nothing, and enlightenment is denied us as the chief has already gone out. When he comes back we are on our hands and knees picking up rolls of paper.

"I don't suppose," he says cheerfully as he darts about the room lifting things up and putting them down again, "that there's any danger here apart from one or two shells from those U-boats, but it's as well to be on the safe side with windows." He adds that he supposes it's that confounded girl, as he has seen it only this morning.

We make an inquiry.

"The stuff," he says, impatient at our obtuseness—"the stuff you stick it on with. I want to get it mixed, and I must find it first because it has all the instructions on it."

This seems a good reason, and Henry and I join in the search, poking about unhopefully. Henry even goes so far as to open the door of the cocktail cabinet. "It won't be in there," says the chief, "because nobody's been in here but me." He pauses, an unfamiliar glint in his eye—or it may be the steel-rimmed spectacles he has assumed, presumably in the kitchen. He moves towards Henry, picking his way delicately amongst the office equipment.

"Mustn't expect this every day," he says, "but perhaps as we're settling down in new surroundings . . ." He deftly gets out bottles and glasses, remarking as he does so that it isn't as warm as he thought it was, and sketching out a scheme for exchanging the fan for an electric fire.

"Good luck," he says presently, putting on an entirely

new pair of spectacles to facilitate drinking. We are raising our glasses and murmuring the toasts of the times when he suddenly peers closely into the cabinet. "Hello!" he exclaims, "there's that confounded paste. What an extraordinary thing!" He throws us both a glance of undisguised accusation, then hurries out with a little sigh, saying just before he gets out of earshot, "I've done the lights."

After glancing at the ragged tangle of brown paper hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and agreeing that the lights have been done, we begin regretfully to put back the bottles. Suddenly Henry gropes far into the cabinet's interior and brings out a large packet of printed cards, neatly stamped and addressed.

"I'll post them on my way home," he says. "In any case it looks as if we shall need another day to get the windows done."

o o

## Solutions to the Petrol Problem

FOR those who have failed to convince their Petroleum Officer that it is of the greatest national importance for them to have extra petrol rations, and for those who have succeeded in persuading him of this but are disappointed by his modest estimate of their requirements, a few alternative ways and means are given below:—

(a) *Coal Gas.* This was used as fuel with great success during the last war, and was carried in a large bag tied on to the roof of the motor-car. It must be remembered, however, that motor-cars were rather more substantially built in those days, and the "Baby Seven" was not even a twinkle in its manufacturer's eye. One does want to do one's bit of course, but it is a moot point whether adding to the menace of the balloon barrage would be appreciated.

(b) *Reduction of horse-power.* This can be achieved quite simply by the judicious use of a hack-saw. One or more of the less-likely-looking cylinders should be severed from the main body or "block" and thrown into the dust-bin.

(c) *Acetylene.* An old carbide cycle-lamp will be helpful for making use of acetylene gas. The jet of the lamp should be connected with the air intake of the carburettor. When greater speed is required the water drip-feed is turned on so that more gas is generated. Disadvantages: A tendency to blow the radiator off on wet days, and a certain amount of uncomfortableness caused by the rather unpleasant smell in traffic jams.

(d) *Water* (I can't think why it was not thought of before). The use of water as fuel is based on the fact that when one passes an electric current through water, oxygen and hydrogen are produced. All one has to do then is to fill the petrol-tank with water and connect two leads from the car battery to it. The gases are drawn into the engine via the old carburettor (now useless, but it's a shame to take it off. After all, it has served you well up till now). After the gas has done its work in the engine the spark conveniently turns it back again into water, which can be led back through the exhaust-pipe into the tank. This saves the embarrassing business of pulling into a garage and asking the man to fill up your petrol tank with water. One might feel obliged to buy a little petrol for the radiator just to "show willing." After all, you have got six coupons.

(e) Have another go at the Petroleum Officer, or purchase a bicycle.



"I hear they're going to elect Alvarez president as soon as they can decide on his successor."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### To the Land of Broken Promise

*The Grapes of Wrath* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) has taken the country of its origin by storm. To one distinguished critic it seems "as great a book as has yet come out of America." Mr. H. G. WELLS describes its author, Mr. JOHN STEINBECK, as "that tremendous genius." These are the sort of phrases that make the independent reviewer's hackles rise. But if he be also candid he will admit that they are not extravagantly exaggerated. The book is a big book. Its quality is epic; for, while its outward story is of the fortunes of a particular family, those fortunes and that family are representative. It is a popular odyssey and the tragedy of humble humanity fighting a losing battle against inhuman and heartless oppressors—money and the machine. The tenant farmers of Oklahoma, personified in the *Joads*, driven from their holdings by the banks which mortgage has made their landlords and by the tractors which do not spare even their homesteads, are induced by specious advertisement and a vision of oranges for the plucking to seek a new life in California—only to find there disappointment and humiliation. Mr. STEINBECK tells the story of their long adventurous journey in a ramshackle lorry, and presents three generations of *Joads* in all their several individualities, with their simplicity and their courage, their resourcefulness and their earthy and sometimes bawdy humour, and in doing so he indicts a civilisation.

#### Keeper's Larder

All the resistances, physical and spiritual, which one can put up against a ruthless, intimate, undefined menace

appear in Sir HUGH WALPOLE's new Glebeshire story. *The Sea Tower* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) exhibits—and what an exhibit!—a middle-aged woman whose lust for power is concentrated to the point of craziness on her children. *Bessie Field* has a spider's gift for draining the victims of her affection of their individual life; and though it seems reasonable that her son *Joe* should stay at home and run *Scarlatt*, it is less evident that his brother *Congreve* should potter round too doing a little painting. The boys, moreover, are not her only possessions—there is *Simpson*, her grim maid, and *Captain Timothy*, a dissolute hanger-on with better possibilities. Then *Joe*, let loose in London, brings home a bride—young, lovely, innocent, intrepid; and the battle is joined, not only for *Joe* but (in a varying degree) for all who came under the counter-spell. It is a WILKIE COLLINS-SHERIDAN LE FANU theme, and one misses the complexity which in these earlier masters helps to disguise the artificiality of the plot. But of the grisly excitement of the duel there can be no doubt.

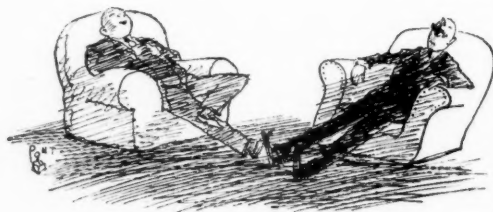
#### R.C.M.P.

To all who feel in these days of war  
That life holds less than they bargained for,  
That news when it comes is too often flat  
Because nobody knows what it's hinting at,  
We commend as filled with the thrills of peace  
*The Royal Canadian Mounted Police.*

Started some sixty-odd years ago  
With a strength of a hundred and fifty or so,  
The Force brought order and law to man  
In hitherto lawless lands which ran  
From the line of the States to the Arctic shore—  
A couple of million square miles and more.

In the Queen's red coat with a gun to bark  
Only when parleyings missed their mark,  
There were trails to blaze, there were posts to watch  
At 60 below the zero notch,  
There were racketeers to be brought to book,  
Thief and murderer, tough and crook—  
White-skin, redskin, half-breed, Chink,  
Illicit dealers in drugs and drink,  
Gold-rush exploiters of those alike  
Who succeeded or failed in a lucky strike,  
And officials who eased the encircling toils  
And levied a rake-off on the spoils.

Such is the medley, all hard-boiled fact,  
Documented and neatly packed,  
Which L. CHARLES DOUTHWAITE contrives to mix  
In his volume (from BLACKIE, at ten-and-six).



"Let's see who can invent the best rumour."

It w  
childh  
but si  
posses  
of Rus  
Mill (c  
spiritu  
and la  
Berkal  
plants  
interv  
saxifra  
shrubb  
Many  
have g





Very proper Cook (horrified at reports of German atrocities). "REALLY, MUM, IT SEEMS AS IF THE GERMANS ARE NOT AT ALL THE THING."

C. A. Shepperson, October 7th, 1914

### The Botanist Afield and At Home

It was perhaps Mr. ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY's French childhood that taught him to seek not greater wealth but simpler pleasures and "the first of possessions, self-possession." Reveries that echo these forgotten exhortations of RUSKIN are the philosophic staple of *Three Acres and a Mill* (DENT, 15/-), which is, as it were, a material and spiritual stock-taking written between the crises of this and last September. Twelve years passed in a remote Berkshire mill-house, varied by remoter travel in search of plants to be acclimatised at home, are reviewed in the intervals of rambles round the cherished domain where a saxifrage may spell Navarre, a martagon lily Auvergne, a shrubby house-leek Tenerife, and a *klettafri* Iceland. Many fascinating encounters, human and topographical, have gone to the acquisition of these and other treasures,

and the ordinary reader no less than the rockery addict may sit down to a well-spread feast. But the former may be permitted to protest that the author, politically so democratic, is horticulturally an aristocrat, and to prefer that our experts should preach by doctrine and example the solicitude that is shared by all French landowners, great and small, for the *jardin potager*.

### Short Stories by "E. M. D."

Those people who like to call themselves "Janeites" will probably think it a blasphemous assertion that the works of a mere contemporary of ours, Miss E. M. DELAFIELD, have anything in common with those of their idol; but surely both these women novelists have excelled in portraying the middle classes, "their tricks and their manners" and in particular, those among them whose tricks and manners



are not altogether attractive. In her new book of short stories, *Love Has No Resurrection* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), Miss DELAFIELD has included one tale, "Opportunity," which contains an example, that could not be improved upon, of the Head of the Household type of man at whose door no great sins can be laid, but who yet by his constant selfish aggressiveness ruins the lives of his whole family. It is a pity that *Harry* appears in a short story rather than a novel, for in a novel he would have been more likely to be handed down to posterity, as he deserves. There are seventeen stories in the book, all, it goes without saying, clever and instinct with understanding of shades of feeling and thought, but no other so representative of their author's best as "Opportunity."

### Lancashire Lad

Any twelve-year-old would like to read about another twelve-year-old whose father kept a market garden, whose uncle was a conjurer, and whose own job was to assist in a well-conducted pet shop, furnishing everything in the pet line from goldfish to marmosets. There has not been time to try *Tumbledown Dick* (FABER AND FABER, 6/-) out on the most appropriate audience, but it is obviously a book to be sampled by prospective donors and jotted down on the Christmas list. There is certainly, as Mr. HOWARD SPRING avers, not much plot, but there are such jolly people and places and just the sort of delectable circumstance that an adventurous boy might imagine for himself in a town and suburban setting up Manchester way. *Dick Birkenshaw*, the hero, is the best of good fellows, as kind to his parents as BRET HARTE's cat, and sporting enough to appear in a music-hall turn at a moment's notice or go to a lord mayor's dance vivaciously attired as an aquarium. And talking of lord mayors, one may particularly commend as a model of municipal bonhomie *Dick's* especial friend and patroness, the pleasantest lady mayoress in fiction.

### Punctuality

In *Mum's the Word for Murder* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) Mr. ASA BAKER's investigator, *Jerry Burke*, could not complain that Texan criminals were reticent about their nefarious intentions. Indeed so great was their audacity that they advertised in the *El Paso Free Press* the precise time at which their crimes would be committed. Three murders had taken place and *Burke's* jealous rivals were delighted at his failure to clear up the trouble when the detective's brain

at last began actively to function, and both those who had laughed at his lack of success and those who had carried out a series of most ingenious crimes were completely discomfited. Of its kind this is an attractive yarn, for *Burke* (we have Mr. BAKER's word for it) never scoffed nor sneered, and, generally speaking, conducted himself like a normal being.

### Memories of Mark Twain

There can have been few more complete examples of family pride than Mr. CYRIL CLEMENS's *Mark Twain* (T. WERNER LAURIE, 6/-). He has set down in a rather disconnected fashion a great

many facts about his famous cousin, some of importance and interest, and some almost absurd, confiding in us, for instance, that "he often found mental relaxation in a side-walk shoe shine." Such is the intrinsic value of TWAIN himself, however, that this odd amateurish book is worth while because, from its jumbled contents, the huge figure of the great jester who was also equally, as every humorist must be, a humanist, emerges instinct with life. Mr. CYRIL CLEMENS's own activities as President of the "Mark Twain Society," with details of distinguished recipients of its medal, including a description of MUSSOLINI's "kindness, gentleness and unaffectedness," round out the tale. He is not, however, always quite accurate. Sir FRANCIS BURNAND was Editor of *Punch* at the time when MARK TWAIN was, as it is pleasant to recall, entertained in Bouverie Street.

### Cruising

Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS is a leisurely writer of detective

stories, and in *Fatal Venture* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) he cannot be accused of rushing his fences. But eventually *Chief Inspector French* makes his appearance on the *Hellénique*, and then things begin really to move. The old Atlantic liner, called originally the *Hellenic* but renamed, had been converted into a luxury ship which cruised round the British Isles and provided, when outside the three-mile limit, every facility for gambling. Apart from a rather flaccid youth those who were financially interested in the success of this enterprise aroused considerable suspicion, and when the owner of the ship was murdered the number of people who did not regret his death were puzzlingly numerous. None of us who have the pleasure of *French's* acquaintance will be surprised to hear that he was vastly "worried" before light dawned, and then, modest as ever, he scored yet another bull's-eye.



"Things look brighter, Gladys; he's started worrying about the post-war depression."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.